

The Listener

and

B.B.C. Television Review

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS
LIBRARY

OCT 6 1960

SIXPENCE

CHICAGO

Vol. LXIV. No. 1642.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1960

Anglo-Saxon Platitudes *By Geoffrey Marshall*

Welfare Capitalism: a Critique and a Diagnosis

By J. M. Cameron

Scientists: Solo or Concerted? Youth under Communism

By A. H. Cottrell

By Hugh Lunghi

Measuring the Universe

Justice in Los Angeles

By Patrick Moore

By C. R. Hewitt

How the Vikings Discovered America—I

By Gwyn Jones

A statue of the Norwegian, Ingolf Arnarson, first settler in Iceland, which stands in the capital, Reykjavik

Charles XII: the 'Last Viking'

By Ronald Popperwell

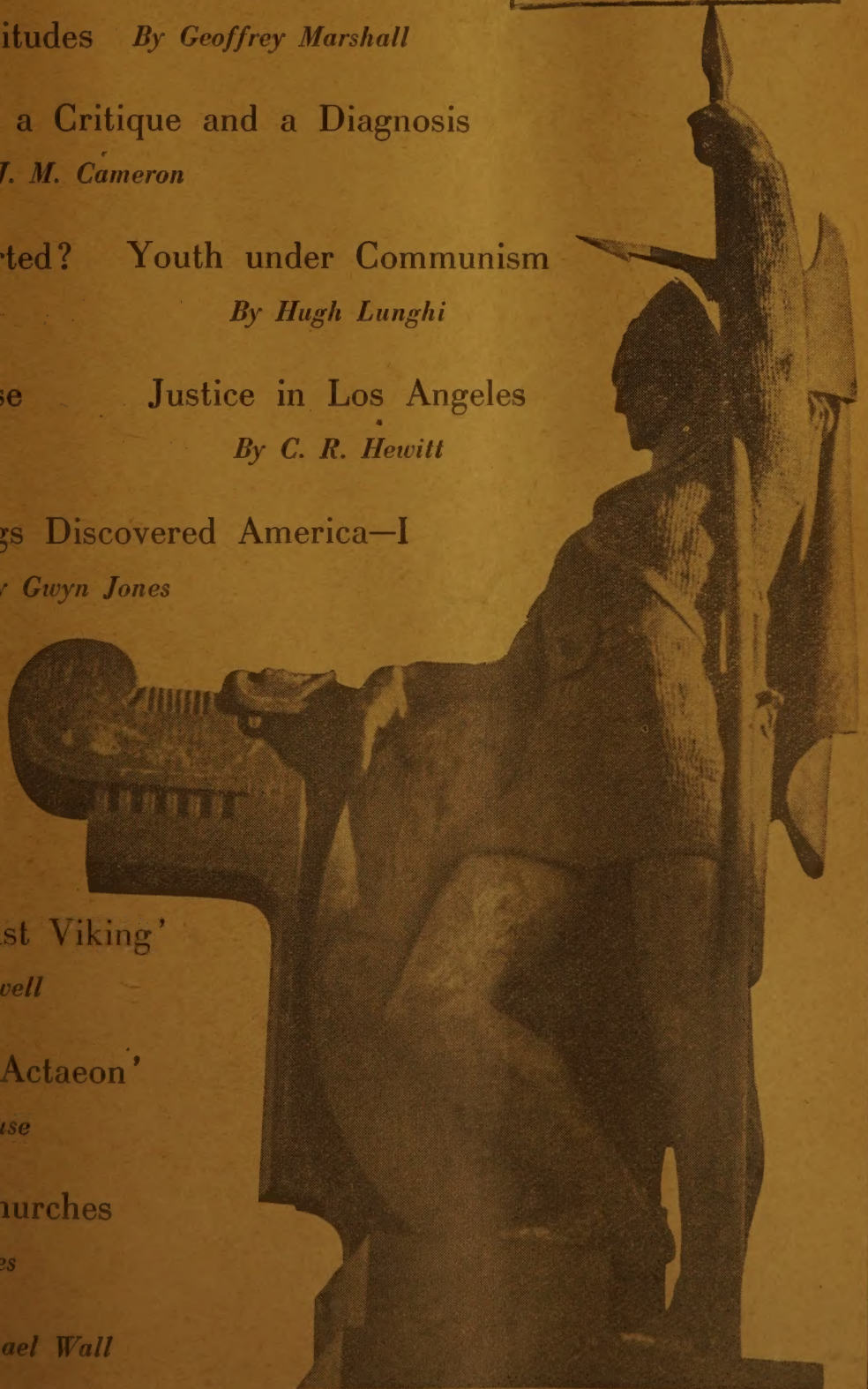
Titian's 'Diana and Actaeon'

By Ellis Waterhouse

Rome's Ancient Churches

By J. N. L. Myres

'Tonight' *By Michael Wall*



BEHIND THE DUNLOP SYMBOL



100,000 EMPLOYEES

20 RESEARCH
LABORATORIES

103 FACTORIES



£261 MILLION TURNOVER

90,000 ACRES OF RUBBER PLANTATIONS

DISTRIBUTORS IN 140 COUNTRIES

Ten thousand men and women work at Fort Dunlop, mainly on tyre production. At Great Chesterford in Essex a factory of 50 people produces table-tennis equipment and dartboards. At Bankstown in Australia, 12 miles from Sydney, 1,000 people make rubber footwear. In Malaya and Nigeria 14,000 are employed on Dunlop plantations.

All these people, with their colleagues in many other countries, are the life-blood of the Dunlop organisation . . . the most valuable assets of a vigorous forward-looking company.

DUNLOP

SYMBOL OF PROGRESS

The Listener

Vol. LXIV. No. 1642

Thursday September 15 1960

REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O.
AS A NEWSPAPER

CONTENTS

CURRENT AFFAIRS:

- Anglo-Saxon Platitudes (Geoffrey Marshall) ... 403
Youth under Communism (Hugh Lunghi) ... 405
The 'New Left' in Britain—II (J. M. Cameron) ... 406

THE LISTENER:

- The Vikings ... 408
What They Are Saying (Derrick Sington) ... 408

DID YOU HEAR THAT?:

- Mozart's City (Maurice Lindsay) ... 409
The Admirable Crichton (Duncan MacLeod) ... 409
Charley's Ant (Douglas Stuart) ... 410

SCIENCE:

- Scientists: Solo or Concerted? (A. H. Cottrell) ... 411

POEMS:

- On the death of a brother (P. N. Furbank) ... 412
March Verses (Laurence Lerner) ... 423

ASTRONOMY:

- Measuring the Universe (Patrick Moore) ... 413

SOCIOLOGY:

- Justice in Los Angeles (C. R. Hewitt) ... 415

EXPLORATION:

- How the Vikings Discovered America—I (Gwyn Jones) ... 417

BIOGRAPHY:

- Charles XII of Sweden (Ronald Popperwell) ... 419

- B.B.C. NEWS HEADLINES AND PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE WEEK ... 424

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR:

- From Professor Richard M. Titmuss, Dr. Victor Bloch,
Patricia Hutchins, John Ziman, Brigadier the Hon.
Gilbert Monckton, and Robert Caffyn ... 427

BROADCASTING:

- 'Tonight' (Michael Wall) ... 428

ART:

- Titian's 'Diana and Actaeon' (Ellis Waterhouse) ... 432
Rome's Ancient Churches (J. N. L. Myres) ... 434

LITERATURE:

- Book Reviews (John Lehmann, Idris Parry, E. Colston
Shepherd, Robert Greacen, Denis Stevens, Maurice
Ashley, and Henry Reed) ... 435
New Short Stories (Elizabeth Jennings) ... 439

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH:

- Television Documentary (Peter Pound) ... 440
Television Drama (Anthony Cookman, Jr.) ... 440
Sound Drama (Frederick Laws) ... 441
The Spoken Word (Joanna Richardson) ... 442
Music (Rollo H. Myers) ... 442

MUSIC:

- Shostakovich and the Symphony (David Lloyd-Jones) ... 445

- GARDENING: Work in the Flower Garden (F. H. Streeter) ... 446

- BRIDGE (Harold Franklin and Terence Reese) ... 446

- ABOUT THE HOUSE ... 447

- NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS ... 447

- CROSSWORD NO. 1,581 ... 447

Anglo-Saxon Platitudes

By GEOFFREY MARSHALL

FOREIGN constitutions often terrify the responsible English politician. Anybody who wants to understand why this is so should try the experiment of reading *Advise and Consent*, Mr. Allen Drury's novel about the United States Senate*. After that, and preferably in quick succession, he should read the minutes of evidence of the last British Select Committee on the procedure of the House of Commons, which reported in 1959†. In a sense, both are about the same thing—the life and work of a legislative body. *Advise and Consent* deals with the struggle of an American President who, as the dust jacket says, 'might be Roosevelt', to have his nominee for the post of Secretary of State confirmed by the Senate.

The title phrase is taken from Article Two of the United States Constitution which provides that the President shall nominate and appoint ambassadors, judges, and other officers of the United States 'by and with the Advice and Consent of the Senate'. That particular function is exercised in this country without legislative intervention: but the Lords Spiritual and Temporal and the Commons of England do, by tradition and law, assent to the policy and legislation of the Executive. So if people wrote successful novels about parliamentary life and if Mr. Drury had not thought of it first, *Advise and Consent* would be an apt enough title for a novel about the House of Commons. It would, however, be a very different novel. Take the following episode for example. Robert Leffingwell, the President's appointee, is being questioned by a sub-committee of the Senate. Before his cross-examination begins he is asked to make a statement. He speaks in somewhat vague terms of the honour and responsibility entailed in the office of Secretary of State, and concludes:

Mr. Chairman, I shall make it my first duty to consult with your committee and with its great sister committee in the House on all broad aspects of policy and decision which may come before me. The constant aim of my predecessor, as it has been the constant aim of every far-sighted Secretary of State, has been to work in the closest possible co-operation with the Congress. That will be my aim too. I shall not fail you in that, Mr. Chairman; on that you have my word.

No British cabinet minister, though he might talk in that vein to his constituents, would dream of using such words to members of the sovereign British Parliament. He is never put in the position of being cross-examined, before or after appointment, by any standing committee of the Commons. He is not in fact constitutionally compelled to answer questions put to him on the floor of the House if he wishes to remain silent. For many years, in fact, it has been suggested from time to time by parliamentarians and writers of differing political beliefs that members of parliament might be better informed and parliament's work made more efficient, if arrangements could be made for members to meet with and question ministers and their departmental officers on a committee basis; but all such schemes have been consistently rejected by governments and by committees on the procedure of the House as being dangerous and un-English activities.

Argument on this point (like most arguments for and against national institutions) has now become predictable and ritualistic. The Select Committee of 1959 ran true to form. A special legislative committee to discuss colonial affairs had been suggested with perhaps the possibility of a similar committee for foreign affairs. The scheme was found to be unacceptable. 'The main argument against the proposal and one which convinces us', the

* Collins. 21s. † Report from the Select Committee on Procedure (1959) H.C. 92-1

report said, 'lies in the nature of the committee, which in our view would constitute a radical constitutional innovation'. The Leader of the House took the same view. Any such committee, he thought, would be 'a muddle in our constitution'. It was 'an idea coming from the French and American systems'. It would 'get in the way of administration', and it would 'blur ministerial responsibility'.

Principle of The Wedge

The report also suggested that if the proposed committee were successful it would lead to a demand for more. This is one of those evergreen sentiments which were so admirably catalogued fifty years ago in F. M. Cornford's *Microcosmographica Academica*. It is the principle of The Wedge, which consorts with the Doctrine of Unripe Time, the principle of the Dangerous Precedent, and the view that any particular departure from the existing and well-tryed procedure must await a general review of the situation in all its aspects. 'Thin end of the wedge' remarks do admittedly depend upon the thick end of the wedge being unquestionably distasteful. But happily or otherwise there is in British politics no shortage of distasteful images which can be invoked in debate for this purpose. Prominent among them are continental party systems and foreign legislative practices of all kinds. These can usually be introduced into any argument about electoral or parliamentary reform for much more than they are really worth because of the emotional charge attached.

The interesting feature is what this reveals about our current attitudes towards Parliament as an institution. I first began reading academic books about Parliament as an undergraduate in the immediate post-war years. Our reading lists contained many books written in the nineteen-thirties, and often they were tinged with a kind of desperation about the ability of legislative institutions to satisfy the needs of the twentieth century. There were schemes for setting up special parliamentary chambers to deal with economic affairs, proposals for remodelling the cabinet system, and discussions of European electoral and legislative devices. When the post-war books began to be written something of this continued. A well-known title asked *Can Parliament Survive?* Another, rather later, announced *The Passing of Parliament*. They were not, one might say, optimistic.

But by about 1950 something had happened. What is more, it had happened among those with, on the whole, leftish views. Before the war there was a good deal of left-wing despair about parliament as an institution. Some were inclined to doubt whether democratic socialism could ever be achieved within the lifetime of one parliament even by an administration with a clear electoral majority, without by-passing the traditional forms of legislation and taking exceptional powers to socialize the economy by Order in Council. There might be resistance by the hereditary Upper House and protracted obstruction and delay in the Commons.

Traditional Machinery and Radical Change

Yet in 1945 none of this happened. The House of Lords on the whole was acquiescent, and the Civil Service, despite the social composition of the administrative class, accepted its nationalizing role without demur. The parliamentary machine was vindicated, and soon testimonials to it were to be had for the asking. In 1951 Professor Harold Laski in his *Reflections on the Constitution* devoted himself to dispelling the pessimism of pre-war critics and defending the House of Commons in its traditional role. Mr. Herbert Morrison, war-time Home Secretary and Labour Leader of the House, coming to set down his experience in his book *Government and Parliament*, treated the King, Lords, and Commons alike with an amiability they could hardly have expected to receive from anyone of moderately left-wing views before 1939. The demonstrated ability of traditional machinery for bringing about radical change between 1945 and 1950 had surely some connexion with these occurrences. Possibly, too, the war had an independent impact on critics. One of Laski's last reflections was that 'the real alternative to the House of Commons is the concentration camp'.

So—partly I would suggest as the result of this mollification of the left by office and conviction—the pendulum has swung in the nineteen-fifties in a different direction. At first it might have

seemed that the right had assumed the role of post-war critics smarting under the frustration of parliamentary guillotine and left-wing bureaucracy. But that pattern broke in the mould in 1951, and Crichton Down was contrived under a Conservative minister. What seems to have happened is that dissatisfaction with the parliamentary apparatus has become less a party political issue and more an issue between the front bench and back bench attitudes. The result is that arguments for parliamentary reform have to get along without the political steam by which they might in other circumstances have been propelled.

Some may think this an improvement. Others may find it depressing. A parliament which in relatively recent times has proved itself to the satisfaction of both front benches is one in which much weight is likely to be in the scales against any reforming argument which in any way touches upon the control of ministers over the House. The parliament whose power to get things done has been vindicated is now one in which ministers must not, so far as the constitution can prevent it, be embarrassed. Anything which threatens that principle is apt to meet the criticism that it is a fundamental innovation which is incompatible with ministerial responsibility. This principle is indeed fundamental to the party system as we operate it. Ministers must have their way in matters of policy: that is not in issue. What is in question is the tendency to use ministerial responsibility as an incantation against proposals likely to give ministers a rougher passage, without any very serious attempt to measure the actual effect of the arrangements proposed. Since 1939 these incantations have come impartially from ministers in office, whether Labour or Conservative. Oddly enough, it has turned out that what was adamantly declared to be impossible or a radical innovation has later been done without any collapse of governmental prestige or stability.

Anxieties about Ministers' Powers

In 1932, for example, the Committee on Ministers' Powers suggested that a committee of the House should be set up to scrutinize the use made by ministers of powers to make rules and orders having legislative force. The proposal was resisted and not acted upon. During the second world war members of parliament became anxious about ministerial powers which under the Defence Regulations could not in substance be controlled by the courts, and they revived the demand for a committee of scrutiny. The Government's attitude was unfavourable. Ministers should be clearly responsible, they said, and the establishment of a committee of the Commons would confuse the situation. It would—to use the hallowed phrase—serve no useful purpose. However, the nuisance value of back-bench agitation was too much, and the Government shortly afterwards yielded, setting up a committee with restricted terms of reference which has worked successfully ever since. It does not dispute matters of policy but it examines civil servants and makes reports to the House.

Another recent example of embarrassment overcome is the acceptance of the Franks Committee's recommendation in 1957 that ministers should publish the reports made to them after public inquiries. It had always been argued that to publicize possible differences of view between a ministry inspector making a report and a minister who might confirm or reject it was impossible and constitutionally embarrassing. But that has now been done and the constitution has survived, and it is thought to be the better for it.

Ministerial responsibility, in fact, has figured in almost every rearguard action against constitutional reform within living memory. Until the Crown Proceedings Act was passed in 1947 ministers were unable to bring themselves to the point of allowing British subjects to sue the Crown as of right in the courts, though the arguments for it were set out persuasively in the nineteen-twenties. They were finally pushed into it by the attitude of the judges, not normally a body of persons noted for reckless radicalism. The maintenance of a minister's absolute privilege to refuse production in the courts of England and Wales of any Civil Service document has equally been maintained by Labour and Conservative ministers for many years, despite much criticism. It is argued that, apart from security considerations, the present relations between ministers and civil servants could not be preserved unless ministers

(concluded on page 423)

Youth under Communism

By HUGH LUNGI

PEOPLE who visit communist countries these days come back with conflicting views about the loyalty of the young people towards communism. In these countries state officials are two a penny, and a high proportion of them in the young communist societies are young people. But they do not form the majority of the youth of the country, and there have been many signs that these officials, and in particular those who serve the Communist Party in the young communist organizations, are becoming increasingly unpopular. During the past year the Soviet press has reported cases of officious Komsomol organizers being defied and even laughed out of court by their contemporaries.

On the lowest level of communist officialdom, the so-called 'brigades for assisting the militia' are rapidly qualifying for the doubtful honour of becoming as despised as the militia, that is the civil police, themselves. These brigades, which exist not only in Russia but in other communist countries (in Hungary, for example, they are called the Youth Guard, *Ifju Garda*), are meant to combat hooliganism. But the communist press has been reporting cases of their overstepping the mark and beating up or arresting young people who have done nothing worse than exhibit normal youthful spirits in a mild form, or even those who have simply worn slightly unorthodox clothes.

Today the most marked feature of young people in the communist countries of eastern Europe, at any rate to the outside observer, seems to be a certain apathy, even cynicism, and a preoccupation with material comforts: I refer to the more representative section of intelligent young people. The *élan* which followed the revolutions in Poland and Hungary seems to be abating; but in Russia there are signs of a renewed questioning of officially approved standards and seeking after truths for themselves.

The rejection of authority by the young people of Russia is not confined to delinquents, though the Soviet press is only too ready to stamp any kind of dissent with the label of hooliganism. The students of a West Ukrainian geological institute who mutinied against a proposal that they should do some so-called 'voluntary' building work on Sunday, their day off, could hardly be called that. *Komsomol Pravda* described how the students got up at a meeting and shouted that these 'voluntary' Sunday work days were a thing of the distant past: Sunday was a day of rest, and it was their own business how they spent it; it was time young people were left in peace. In communist states young people cannot play an independent part in the politics of their own countries. This perhaps accounts for the extraordinary degree of interest in religion, or at least in non-materialist ideas, among the young in Russia. This has not been so noticeable in other communist countries, possibly because religion was already more strongly established there, even among the young. Over the last year there have been several reports in Soviet newspapers of students

in higher education establishments—particularly in the Moscow First Medical Institute, the leading one in the country—who have turned to religion. It is perhaps significant that it is the unorganized forms of religion, the sects and extremist religious groups like the Jehovah's Witnesses, that have attracted them. Those involved are not just ignorant or sensation-seeking youths. One gets the most vivid impression of the spread of religion among young people not from the cases reported by the Soviet press, which are meant to serve as warnings and are invariably represented as rare exceptions, but, as is often the case with social problems, from contemporary Russian literature.

It would be wrong to be misled by the attention that is devoted to attacking religion in the Soviet press into thinking that the young in Russia are being converted *en masse*. But even apart from the question of religion there is strong evidence that the quest for spiritual truth and the rejection of materialism is seriously occupying the minds of the more intelligent section of Soviet youth. This has been evident in the tremendous interest aroused by the controversy over the respective merits of science and the arts, which appeared in the pages of the Komsomol newspaper over a period of many months last year. Again, the letter that



Young people of Russia—students at Tiflis University, Georgia

J. Allan Cash

Komsomol Pravda published from a reader questioning the value of the sputnik, and indications of many other doubts cast on purely material achievements, are all symptomatic of the state of mind of the young Soviet citizens who are beginning to think for themselves.

In his address to the Soviet teachers' congress last July Mr. Khrushchev acknowledged this when he referred to the 'nihilists' who still existed in Soviet student bodies. Inside the higher-education establishments the authorities deal with the non-conformists by expelling them if they are discovered. For example, over the past year some thirty-six students were expelled from the Tula Pedagogical Institute, and twenty-seven received warnings. *Komsomol Pravda* said that the Institute had turned into a veritable 'discussion club'. For the rest the two principal remedies suggested by the Komsomol plenary session last month were to intensify control over young people's leisure, and the old, and apparently futile, one of improving propaganda work. A contemporary Soviet novel called *Colleagues*, by Aksenov, has described what seems to be a typical reaction of young Soviet people to official propaganda, more expressively and authentically than anyone outside Russia could:

When we hear all these official hackneyed words about one's patriotic debt, about sacrifices, it's all a lot of nonsense. What do they think we are—just pagans? Oh, how sick I am of it all—all these high-sounding words. A good many fine idealists pronounce them, but so do thousands of crooks. I expect even Beriia [the secret police chief] used the same fine phrases . . . but they only stop us from seeing life as it really is.

—From a talk in the European Services

The 'New Left' in Britain—II

Welfare Capitalism: Critique and Diagnosis

By J. M. CAMERON

THE repentant Stalinists have contributed much to the spirit of the 'new left': toughness, a feeling for the drama of political conflict, a conviction of the importance of theory at the level of world history; above all, perhaps, they have for those who never endured the Stalinist servitude the charm that clings to veterans of famous wars. They are, or have been, the nearest thing to professional revolutionaries the British political scene affords. Numerically, though, they are greatly outnumbered by young men who were never communists, or were communists only for a short period, who are interested in Marxism as a theory without regarding it as in any sense a master science; for this is a generation that takes Freud and Keynes for granted, moves easily in the world of academic sociology, in philosophy may be influenced by Wittgenstein or Sartre, and has personal commitments that vary from a cheerful secularism to Quakerism or Catholicism.

What Former Stalinists See

What the former Stalinists see in the social and political scene of our day is fundamentally determined by an analysis which is carried over without radical change from their Stalinist period; whereas the other members of the new left look at the contemporary scene with a gaze less disciplined by theory, or perhaps with a gaze affected by a variety of influences—George Orwell, R. H. Tawney, even Cobbett, the Chartists, Mill, and Matthew Arnold. They are as likely to have been given a push to the left by the 'personalism' of Mounier or the sociological conclusion of Professor Wright Mills as by an encounter with *Socialism Utopian and Scientific* or *State and Revolution*.

All this means that if we look at the new left more broadly than I have done so far—if, in terms of the organs of the left, we move from *The New Reasoner* to the *Universities and Left Review*—the pattern of thinking is not so plain. Many of these characteristics are to be found in the thought of the former Stalinists; but this is in a sense coincidental. Beliefs held in common may be derived from very different sources and be given entirely different justifications.

It is widely held that the social and economic changes in our society since 1945 can properly be described as 'a social revolution'. Indeed, both the major parties compete for the credit that is thought to attach to this revolution. Certainly, there have been many remarkable changes: a vast increase in the public services concerned with social welfare, a public health service which is, in spite of many gross defects, probably in advance of anything to be found elsewhere, the elimination of the greater part of that primary poverty which was an evident feature of our great cities before the war, the visible bodily health of so many of our children, above all the persistence of a degree of full employment such as no pre-war economist would have dared to hope for.

Rigid Class Structure

No one who lived through the nineteen-thirties will be disposed to minimize the scale and importance of these changes, and it is natural to fall into the hyperbole of describing these changes as in sum 'a social revolution'. The new left, with varying degrees of emphasis, argues that the hyperbole disguises the extent to which the structure of our society remains unchanged under the welfare state; more, it is argued that the class structure is in fact more rigid and that social power is more effectively in the hands of those who control corporate business than it was in the capitalism of the 'thirties; and, finally, that the general belief that a social revolution has taken place disguises the extent to which gross poverty and harsh conditions of life persist, especially among the old, the mentally and physically sick, and that section of the working-class—the railwaymen, for example—with incomes well below the average.

What has been said so far could amount to no more than the assertion that the changes that have taken place, welcome enough, are less dramatic than they are often claimed to be. Much more than this is involved. The assumption made by what we may roughly call the Fabians—by this I understand what is essentially the centre in British politics, a centre stretching from Mr. Gaitskell and Mr. Crosland (the most gifted apologist the centre has) to Mr. Butler and the Bow Group—is that the social changes of the last fifteen years are a first instalment of changes still to come, changes in the direction of a society to be characterized by an ever higher degree of welfare, education, justice, and social equality. It is this assumption that is challenged by the new left. Their argument is that the fundamental social evils that are untouched under welfare capitalism as we know it today are firmly linked with the structure of capitalism and can only be modified in a serious way, or abolished, by a far more radical transformation of the social structure than the present Labour Party envisages. It is this position that gives point to what is serious, as distinct from what is comic, in the long debate in the Labour Party over Clause 4 of the Constitution.

I have no competence to assess this argument in detail. But it is a serious argument, advanced by responsible and expert academic people and backed by detailed study of our economic and social structure. It is much more impressive than superficially analogous arguments employed by the left-wing intellectuals of the nineteen-thirties, partly because very much more is known about the working of our society now than was known—or could have been known—then. That it carries with it all the political implications that are customarily attached to it is another matter, and one where common sense rather than the specialized knowledge of the expert is relevant.

Diagnosis of Our Cultural Situation

The argument that those gross social evils that can be given some kind of statistical assessment are structural to capitalism, and are to be remedied only by structural changes of a fundamental kind, does not stand alone. It is linked with a diagnosis of our cultural situation, a diagnosis that might well stand even if the social and economic critique of welfare capitalism should turn out to be less well-founded than the new left believes.

This diagnosis functions at two levels. First, there is a critical account of the ideology of our society as it is expressed through the various mass media and notably through the use of advertisement. This is often brightly and amusingly done but is only a part of a vast literature obsessively concerned with questions of status—'top people', 'U' and 'non-U', and so on—and is, allowing for differences of tone and intention, as characteristic of *The New Yorker* as of the organs of the new left. Then there is the concern with problems of culture at a deeper level, a concern most typically represented by the work of Mr. Richard Hoggart and Mr. Raymond Williams. Indeed, it would not be extravagant to say that without *The Uses of Literacy* and *Culture and Society 1780-1950* the new left would be a very different kind of movement from what it now is.

Both these works are well known and there is no point in summarizing them here. Mr. Hoggart examines the uses of the printed mass media to condition ordinary people to accept the values of what he calls 'the candy-floss world', and does this against the background of a study of the older working-class world he remembers from his childhood in Hunslet. Mr. Williams gives us what is in effect a history of social criticism from the end of the eighteenth century to his own day. It is a history seen from the angle of one whose training is in the discipline of literary criticism, and it is organized to elucidate that family of concepts grouped under the word 'culture', from culture understood as the activities and products of the arts and the intellectual

pursuits to culture understood as the whole way of life of a society. The effect of both these works has been to render the new left more critically aware of the quality and texture of the individual lives and concrete relationships of people within our society than was the old left, and more distrustful of easy solutions to problems. The influence of Mr. Hoggart and Mr. Williams has thus worked against the tendency to simplify social problems, a tendency natural in men predisposed to a revolutionary estimate of the gravity of our situation.

Need for a Common Culture

At the same time, Mr. Williams, relating himself to the radical tradition in British politics and social criticism—D. H. Lawrence, Professor R. H. Tawney, and Mr. F. R. Leavis count for more than Marx—nevertheless finds himself at the conclusion of his argument gripped by the central problems of politics simply because any thorough analysis—and his analysis is both thorough and penetrating—of culture considered as the way of life of our society raises problems that can be solved only, if not completely, at the level of politics. His conclusion is that we cannot find our way out of the frustrations of our culture under the leadership of an élite that will use the mass media to educate the common people (an unspoken assumption that rules the approach of many educated people to this set of problems). 'We need', he writes, 'a common culture, not for the sake of an abstraction, but because we shall not survive without it'; and he goes on to argue that what seems the most obvious difficulty in the way of a common culture, even given the will to bring it about, the difficulty that increased specialization is, technically, the very life of our civilization, can be overcome only 'in the context of material community and by the full democratic process'—that is, through common ownership together with democracy.

As for what is involved if we are to lend a new life to this worn-out term 'democracy', here Mr. Williams strikes me as better than any other writer associated with the new left. The Conclusion to *Culture and Society* should be read as a whole; but the following passage gives some idea of the quality of the argument. Mr. Williams has been showing our disposition to overcome physical and social difficulties through the domination and manipulation of physical objects and men. He continues:

We come to realize . . . that where the dominative mood extends to man himself, where human beings also are isolated and exploited, with whatever temporary success, the issue in the long run is a cancelling in spirit of the full opportunities offered by the material gains. A knot is tied, that has come near to strangling our whole common life, in this century. . . . We react to the danger by attempting to take control, yet still we have to unlearn, as the price of survival, the inherent dominative mode. The struggle for democracy is the pattern of this revaluation, yet much that passes as democratic is allied, in spirit, with the practice of its open enemies. It is as if, in fear or vision, we are now all determined to lay our hands on life and force it into our own image, and it is then no good to dispute on the merits of rival images. This is a real barrier in the mind, which at times it seems almost impossible to break down: a refusal to accept the creative capacities of life; a determination to limit and restrict the channels of growth; a habit of thinking, indeed, that the future has now to be determined by some ordinance in our own minds. We project our old images into the future, and take hold of ourselves and others to force energy towards that substantiation. We do this as conservatives, trying to prolong old forms; we do this as socialists, trying to prescribe the new man.

These are wise words, to be reflected upon and returned to at leisure.

Nuclear Disarmament

To do even the sketchiest justice to the new left something must be said about the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament and the policy of unilateral nuclear disarmament. The new left is united upon the policy, backs the campaign, and even has a slightly proprietorial attitude towards it.

Unilateralism has many roots, from the bogus unilateralism of the communists who support it because they conceive it to be to the advantage of the Soviet Union—they earlier opposed it—to pacifists who oppose armaments of any kind and the use of force in any circumstances. Setting aside these two wings of the move-

ment, it would, I think, be just to say that unilateralism is founded upon a moral judgment rather than upon political calculation. As the case for unilateralism is presented by the new left, it is often tied to a set of predictions of what the consequences of Britain's ridding itself of the deterrent would be: a policy of 'active neutralism' that would exercise an attractive influence upon the uncommitted sections of the world, especially in Africa and Asia, that would strengthen the libertarian tendencies in the satellite states of the Soviet Union, especially in Poland, that would hinder the spread of nuclear weapons to those countries that do not as yet possess them, that would release social and economic resources now immobilized by the psychology of the Cold War and by the influence upon the economy of the arms programme.

These predictions may or may not be reasonable. Commonly those who make them seem to me to underrate the possibility that a totally disarmed (so far as nuclear weapons are concerned) western Europe, with the United States no longer interested in the security of the region, would offer an exceedingly strong temptation to the Red Army. But this does not touch the heart of unilateralism. The heart of the campaign lies in the simple judgment of a multitude of ordinary people who regard the use of nuclear bombs against the populations of other states, even in response to aggression, as altogether immoral; and I believe that the bulk of the supporters of the campaign would still be unilateralists even if there were no substance in the hopeful predictions of the new left, even if unilateralism were likely to bring about Soviet aggression. If I am right, the identification of the new left with unilateralism is in a sense accidental. The refusal to contemplate the use of nuclear weapons in any conceivable circumstances is a judgment of conscience that altogether transcends the political categories with which it is connected in the mind of the new left. But it is important to add that the serious and persistent concern of the new left with questions of social morality gives it every right—granted its major premisses—to include in its general indictment of our society the fact that it is, like the Soviet Union and the United States, committed to the policy of the great deterrent.

A Distinctive Policy and Outlook

A critical analysis of our social and economic system; a diagnosis of our society considered as a total way of life; a repudiation of the morality of the great deterrent; all these add up to a policy and an outlook, distinctive and with an obvious appeal. Such a policy, such an outlook, just because they aspire to a complete vision of our social condition, are not strictly comparable with the policy and outlook of the supporters of our traditional parties. Presuppositions and theoretical considerations are always present, unspoken and unanalysed, in the background of politics; but it is a peculiar characteristic of the recent British political tradition that they are left unspoken and unanalysed; and it is felt to be better so. Here the new left is our most important dissenting group. Their dissent is on the ground that the issues of politics are today of such crucial importance to the entire human race that we can no longer be content with empiricism and pragmatism in politics. The question of politics has become what it was for the Greeks or for the medieval thinkers or for the men of our own Civil War: the question of what it is for man to live well, both as an individual moral agent and as a social and political animal.

In so far as the new left has anything like a formulated position on this question, it is indicated by the concept of 'humanism'. Much has been written on this topic by members of the new left; and it has to be said bluntly that, Raymond Williams and Alasdair MacIntyre apart, this is the weakest part of the new left's contribution. What is man? We ought to know the answer to this question, for we are surely better acquainted with ourselves than with, say, the brutes or the stars. But the question persists and is a perpetual source of puzzlement. Even if the new left should be wrong in its analysis and deceived in its expectations, it has the great merit of having forced us back upon this question and shown us its relevance to a mature consideration of politics.

—Third Programme

The Leicester University Press has published *Land Tenure in Early England, a discussion of some problems*, by Eric John (30s.).

The Listener

The yearly subscription rate to THE LISTENER (including postage) is £1 17s. sterling; shorter periods pro rata. Postage for single copies of this number: inland 2½d.; overseas 3½d. (printed papers reduced rate); Canada 1d. Subscriptions should be sent to B.B.C. Publications, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, or to usual agents. All communications (including letters for publication and poems which may be submitted accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope) should be sent to the Editor at the same address

The Vikings

WHO were the Vikings? Their blood is in ours: 'Saxon and Norman and Dane are we'. Once they bestrode the world, threatening London and Paris, conquering England, and establishing the powerful duchy of Normandy. They founded Dublin and other Irish towns and made a flourishing city out of York. But for the genius of Alfred the Great they would have overrun the whole of Britain; and for many years they dominated the eastern half of the country. King Canute ruled over an empire that comprised England, Denmark, and Norway. Later Vikings in their sailing ships crossed the Atlantic and reached the shores of America—500 years before Christopher Columbus. In three broadcast talks (the first of which we publish this week) Mr. Gwyn Jones is reminding us of some of their early adventures, while in another talk King Charles XII of Sweden has been called the 'last Viking'.

It is easier to say who the Vikings were than to describe their character. They were Norsemen from Denmark and Norway who, not under pressure of population but out of an urge for adventure and profit, began their great raids in the eighth century. They were 'wild progeny of wild lands'. Their first recorded raid on England took place in Dorset in 793, and next year they were at the other end of England sacking the Venerable Bede's famous monastery of Jarrow. For two generations there was a lull before the storm. For it was not until 850 that they first wintered in England. Historians are not agreed on their objectives. But it has been suggested that they were companies of piratic adventurers whose skill in shipbuilding and navigation was such that they were able to penetrate deep inland in their long-ships. Indeed, they have been compared to the Elizabethan adventurers like Sir Francis Drake, who sailed round the world and singed the beard of the King of Spain. On the other hand, it has been argued that their aim was settlement and that their cruelties were exaggerated. Certainly they terrified the inhabitants of the lands they attacked. 'From the fury of the Norsemen', said an early English litany, 'Good Lord, deliver us'.

The early Vikings were heathens with a sombre religion. They worshipped the ancient gods, like Woden and Thor, after whom our days of the week are named. They praised the virtues of courage and regarded it as the highest honour to die upon the battlefield. It was a very different religion from Christianity, to which they were long in being converted. There seems to have been an element of caution in their characters. 'Praise no day till evening', said the Northman's book of proverbs, 'no wife until she is buried, no sword until tested, no maid until given in marriage, no ice until crossed, no ale until it has been drunk'. They seem to have practised a rudimentary form of self-government, and the 'Danelaw', the portion of England where they were thickly settled, knew more social freedom and equality than the rest of England. Thus, even though the experts tell us that the real character of the Vikings must remain unknown to us, we may proudly speculate that in the heredity of the English-speaking peoples there is more than a gene of the courage and vigour, the generosity and adventurousness, the independence and equality of the ancient Vikings.

What They Are Saying

John Buchan in Washington

THE IMAGINATION of a Moscow commentator was allowed to run riot recently on Moscow home service, in Spanish for Spain, and in several other foreign languages. A sinister, if enlivening, 'briefing session', at which Richard Hannay would have felt more at home than James Bond, was conjured up:

Gentlemen, I will repeat your tasks. You, Bob, will take Bill's place. He has been in the Buckingham Palace chimney for three weeks. Bill is terrific, what wonderful information he has passed on, real peaches! For instance, a short time ago, he found out about the habits of a Minister, in an amazing manner. You, Bob, must follow his example.

Now you, Jack, have something more difficult. Your mission is as follows. You must get into the Elysée Palace and, disguised as a woman, help our agent No. 547/14 pass on the information he has obtained in his hideout in the chandelier in the main room. I wish you success, Jack.

You, Harry, must get another hundred aerial photographs of Brazil, Uruguay, and Argentina. This seems clear enough.

Francis, have you brought the newest code from the Turkish Embassy? Yes? Bravo. You can give the Turkish cypher clerk another \$5,000.

What's the news in Italy? How are our agents getting on in Sicily? Good, good, give them a drubbing for doing so little.

Charlie, what's this I hear: you've made a mess of it again? Really, aren't you ashamed? It's crazy to bribe the Minister of an allied foreign state in front of his subordinates. We warned this Minister long ago not to take more money than he ought to, but he must have thought you were from some other country. The result—a scandal. Well, Charlie, we will have to send you to another sovereign state, also an ally of ours—say, South Viet-Nam or Formosa.

The Russian broadcaster—his sense of humour flagging a little—concluded as follows:

This or a similar scene could be witnessed at the H.Q. of the Central Intelligence Agency of the U.S.A. Once more the veil has been lifted on the filthy machinations of Washington. The Bills, Jacks, and Francises, the agents of Allen Dulles, look through keyholes, get under other people's beds, bribe ushers, steal from tables, and pick pockets. This is how the U.S.A. strengthens the ties of friendship with the countries of the free world.

On a more sober plane Moscow home service has been taking to task the sect of the Seventh Day Adventists. A commentator noted that before the Bolshevik revolution they had been 'trustworthy servants of the autocracy' and that, afterwards, they had 'sympathized with the Whites and urged their adherents not to join the Red Army'. The broadcaster then recalled an episode in December 1958 when a Seventh Day Adventist in Transcarpathia had spread rumours that the world was coming to an end and that Judgment Day was at hand:

Preparations for the end were begun by the sectarians. From the beginning of January 1959 they stopped all work. It is true that, even before then, the majority of them were not renowned for industry. Labour in their opinion is vanity. Why work: in any case everything on earth will soon perish? At the end of January, as might be expected, neither Christ Himself nor His deputy came.

The Soviet commentator concluded his homily as follows:

The Seventh Day Adventists are so called because they regard Saturday, the seventh day of the week according to the Bible, and not Sunday, as the weekly holiday. For this reason Adventists usually do not work on that day. In state establishments and on collective farms it sometimes happens that Adventists are fined for not coming to work on Saturdays, that is to say, for violating labour discipline. They consider, however, that they are persecuted for their religious convictions. Let us recall that the majority of believing Christians regard Sunday as their holiday, that the Jews regard Saturday as such, and the Muslims Friday. Naturally the state cannot adapt the working arrangements of establishments and enterprises to the demands of individual religious organizations. There is uniform provision for off-days and it applies to all citizens regardless of their religious convictions.

—Based on information collected by the B.B.C. Monitoring Service
DERRICK SINGTON

Did You Hear That?

MOZART'S CITY

THE FUTURE of the Edinburgh Festival is now under discussion, and some people are saying that its days as a musical institution are numbered. Speaking from Edinburgh (in the Home Service) MAURICE LINDSAY described another city whose festivals have steadily flourished through more than 100 years.

'At a first glimpse, Salzburg is not unlike another Festival city, Edinburgh', he said. 'There is a rock with a huge castle on it, and clustered beneath it the old town. But the resemblance is purely superficial. The Hohensalzburg fortress on the Mönchsberg is much larger, and older, than Edinburgh Castle. But the glory of Salzburg, its joyous riot of Baroque architecture, dates back only to the days of the Prince-Archbishop Wolf Dietrich, in 1598.

'It was in this beautiful city, with its splendid churches and its musical traditions associated with both court and cathedral, that Mozart was born; a place where the cultural and climatic influences of Europe meet and mingle. The birthplaces of great men are often something of a disappointment, but in Salzburg I was sufficiently moved to be able not to hear the babel of American voices twanging trivialities as their possessors looked at Mozart's first little violin, his clavier, a lock of his fair hair, and the originals of portraits of him at various ages. The flat in Getreidegasse has pleasant rooms with a bustling outlook. It has been left enough itself to have retained a sense of gracious integrity.

'Most of the music of Mozart's Salzburg days which still remains regularly in the world's repertoires was actually written in a larger house in the Hannibalplatz, now Makartplatz, on the other side of the fast-flowing River Salzach, where Salzburg's "New Town" grew up. The Mozart family moved into this house—rented, like its predecessor—in 1773. As I stood before this house, the thought that it was found necessary to bomb Salzburg during the war filled me with sadness for human frailty and failure. One of the buildings hit was Mozart's Wohnhaus in the Makartplatz. Half the house—the half in which the Mozarts lived—was completely destroyed. The surviving half has since been lovingly restored. Twice a day, throughout the summer, concerts of music by Mozart and by Salzburg's other famous son, Michael Haydn, the great Josef's brother, are given in the Tanzmeistersaal of this early seventeenth-century house, by members of the Chamber Opera of the Mozarteum and of the Camerata Academica. The Mozarteum—a conservatory with an internationally famous body of directors and a long list of distinguished pupils—has a splendid collection of Mozart's manuscripts; and in the grounds is the summer-house in which Mozart is supposed to have written part of *Die Zauberflöte*.

'Apart from the entrancing performances of Mozart's operas given nightly by Professor Hermann Aicher's puppets, there are also nightly serenade concerts to be enjoyed in the gold anteroom of the Mirabell Palace—the "New Town" residence of Salzburg's Prince-Archbishops.

'All this activity goes



Salzburg: the Mirabell Palace and park, with the Hohensalzburg fortress beyond—

on apart from the concentrated five weeks of the Salzburg Festival itself, when operas and concerts are given nightly in the theatres and concert halls of the city. The first Mozart Festival was held in 1842, when the statue of the composer that now stands in the Mozartplatz was unveiled in the presence of his two sons. Other celebrations were held sporadically throughout the nineteenth century, but the modern Salzburg Festival owes its inception to the producer Max Reinhardt in the nineteen-twenties. Since then, it has steadily flourished, and, though it loses money, like most festivals, the Salzburg Festival still remains virtually unchallenged.

'Why? Simply because it has a reason for its existence. It has Mozart; an inherently musical population whose civilization produced the beautiful city in which they live; and the backing of a government which believes that it has a mission to spread a love for and knowledge of Austrian music as an important contribution to civilization, a government which has just completed—at a cost of £3,000,000—a new opera-house, partly carved out of the rock of the mountain, which must now be the most wonderful in Europe'.

THE ADMIRABLE CRICHTON

'James Crichton was born 400 years ago at Elioek House, Dumfriesshire', said DUNCAN MACLEOD in a talk in the Scottish Home Service. 'For twenty years James Crichton's father was Lord Advocate of Scotland, the country's chief legal dignitary, and his mother was a distant descendant of the Scottish royal family.

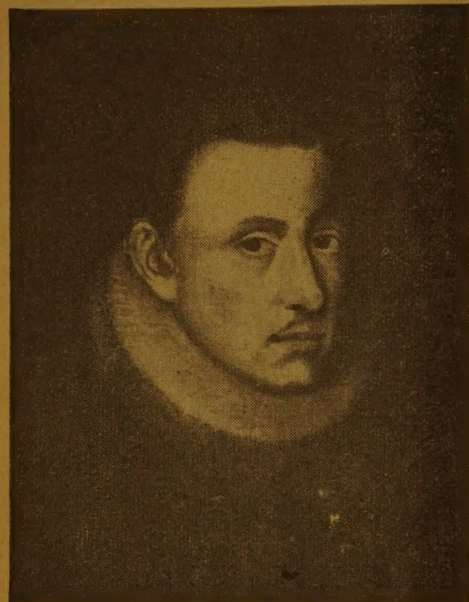


—and Mozart's statue in the Mozartplatz

Photographs: J. Allan Cash

'At the early age of nine the young Crichton entered St. Salvator's College at St. Andrews University, and quickly gave a hint of his prodigious intellectual powers, for he became a Bachelor of Arts in three years and by the time he was fifteen had gained his full Master of Arts degree. After leaving St. Andrews it seems that Crichton made his way to France. There are reports that he entered the French army, became an experienced officer and rose to a most honourable command. But it seems to me more

likely that, while in Paris, he went to the College of Navarre, and there gave his first public demonstration of his intellectual powers. The idea of issuing a public challenge to dispute with anybody, in any branch of learning, is completely foreign to our ideas today. In the sixteenth century it was the usual way for a man of letters to make his name in foreign seats of learning. Crichton, now in his late teens, fixed up placards with his challenge: in six weeks' time he



James Crichton: detail of a portrait by an unknown artist at Airth Castle, Stirling

would dispute in "any science, liberal art, discipline or faculty, whether practical or theoretic", in any of twelve languages.

'An immense crowd gathered in the College of Navarre to hear the boy dispute with the gravest philosophers and divines of France. So well did he acquit himself he was given a public ovation and received congratulations from the President and four of the most eminent professors of the university. His achievement was all the more remarkable considering his lack of preparation for the contest. The court of Henry III of France was, at the time, one of the gayest in Europe. Crichton was to be found in the ballroom, the hunting field and the riding house, and indeed on the very day after his disputation he appeared at a tilting match in the Louvre and there scored a second success against the ablest knights of France.

'From Paris, Crichton arrived in Italy, for here was the true home of learning in the sixteenth century. Now a finished scholar, he made his way first to Genoa and then the following year to Venice. When he arrived there he was almost penniless. He addressed a Latin poem to the printer Aldus Manutius asking for assistance. The Venetian archives provide us with a valuable document in which Crichton's request for assistance is considered:

There has arrived in this city a Scottish youth named James Crichton, who, as far as is known in regard to his social position, is of very noble birth, and who has been, moreover, clearly proved to be possessed of the most rare and singular attainments by various trials and tests carried out by most learned and scientific men, an particularly by a Latin oration delivered extempore this morning in our College in such wise that he, though not past the age of twenty, filled the minds of all with astonishment and stupor. A thing which, as it is in all points extraordinary and unlike what nature is accustomed to produce, has induced this Council to make some courteous demonstration in favour of this very marvellous person, who, mainly owing to accidents which have happened to him is in very great straits; and, therefore, be it resolved that out of the funds of this Council there shall be handed to the aforesaid Crichton, gentleman of Scotland, one hundred crowns of gold.

Nor is this the sole piece of contemporary evidence. About 150 years ago an amateur bibliophile from Clapham, in London, found a single printed sheet tucked away inside an old Italian book. Aptly enough the book in which the sheet was found was

that Renaissance classic *Il Cortegiano* by Castiglione, in which Castiglione gives his picture of the ideal Renaissance courtier, the "all-round man". He might almost have been describing Crichton. For that exciting sheet, dated 1580 and certainly genuine, presents us with our fullest account of Crichton's character and attributes. After paragraphs of praise, it sums up:

He is a prodigy of prodigies; insomuch so that the possession of such various and astonishing talents, united in a body so gracefully formed, and of so sanguine and amiable a temperament, has given rise to many strange and chimerical conjectures.

Soon the name of the "Admirable Scot" became a by-word throughout Venice for an all-round genius.

'In February 1582 Crichton moved from Venice to join the brilliant Gonzaga court in Mantua, which had displaced Florence as the centre of culture and learning in Italy. Crichton quickly established himself as one of the ablest men there. How far Crichton's career in Mantua might have advanced we can only guess. For he was dead before he was twenty-two. Sir Thomas Urquhart has handed down a dramatized but unreliable account of the circumstances. All we can say with certainty is that Prince Vincenzo, the Duke of Mantua's son, was inordinately jealous of Crichton, and on July 3, 1582, Crichton was stabbed to death in a street brawl in which the Prince was involved'.

CHARLEY'S ANT

"Mary says that we need the exterminator": this was the remark with which my wife greeted me when I returned home the other day', said DOUGLAS STUART, B.B.C. correspondent in Washington, speaking in 'Today'. 'Mary is the coloured maid who comes twice a week to clean our house. I had thought that she liked us, and said so. "You don't understand", said my wife: "Mary done see a ant".

'A few hours later there was a ring at the front door. Outside stood a small, chunky man wearing snow-white overalls. I knew at once that he was the exterminator, because on his chest pocket he had the word "Exterminator" embroidered in large blue letters. He shook hands silently, walked to our back verandah, looked at the garden, and then said with decision: "I shall search for nests". He poked about in the tool shed, examined the creepers on the walls, disappeared into the cellar for half-an-hour, and returned with the verdict. "You've got ants, tree ants".

'He proposed three visits, at a total cost of £10. "That'll fix them", he said, "for the summer". My wife and I looked at each other in consternation. £10! The exterminator rubbed his nose with the knuckle of his forefinger. "Mind you", he added, "the treatment will only deal with tree ants; it won't protect you against fourteen other varieties of ants, or against termites—there seem to be some in this verandah—or cockroaches—they always get into old houses—or fleas: powerful lot of fleas in Washington—or mice". My wife squeezed my hand. "Or"—and he dropped his voice—"rats".

'There was a moment's silence. Trying to steady her voice, my wife asked: "W-what d'you suggest we do?" The exterminator spoke without hesitation: "A year's contract", he suggested, "at £2 a month". This, he guaranteed, would keep the house clear of vermin of all description. And then his eyes fell on the garden. "Correction", he said, "moles will come extra".

'The exterminator is now a regular visitor to our home. We haven't seen another ant, nor any cockroaches, fleas, mice, or rats—but we hadn't seen these pests before he came. "Never mind", my wife says, "we have a friend". And this is true: he doesn't wear "Exterminator" on his chest any more; only his name, in big, red letters: "Charley". Inevitably, the family now refer to Mary as "Charley's Ant".



Scientists: Solo or Concerted?

By A. H. COTTRELL

THE solitary scientist, withdrawn from the world: this is a popular image and it is easy to see why. Here is Newton, alone in a country orchard. There goes Henry Cavendish, terrified of the company of women, escaping back to the austere beauty of his electrical experiments. And here is Einstein on the river bridge, seeing in the water the reflection of curved space itself, while the crowds pass by.

Science attracts the solitary mind. Its creations are like great mountain peaks newly discovered in some abstract world of the intellect. They can be seen and their full magnificence enjoyed only by making the long, difficult journey oneself. Creation itself is a solitary business. No committee ever corporately created a new idea any more than an orchestra wrote a symphony. The idea has to start in one mind and then spread outwards. And the struggle to create is mainly a struggle of will against one's own weaknesses, like the struggle the long-distance runner has to make, withdrawing into himself to drive his protesting body along.

Even so, this image of the solitary scientist is mostly a misleading one. He may be at odds with the world but, if he is to be effective, he can never be right out of it: certainly not the world of his own scientific contemporaries. Science, particularly modern science, is not like that. It cannot sustain a complete withdrawal. However deeply you go in you soon have to come up for air; otherwise, scientifically, you begin to die.

Chasing the Atom down the Centuries

There are people who delight in digging up the origins of scientific discoveries and inventions. Science to them is a field for archaeological exploration. They chase the atom down the centuries back to the ancient Greeks; they track the theory of heat back to Lucretius and beyond; the quantum hypothesis back to Newton's light moving in fits and starts. They discern pale anticipations of natural selection before Darwin and Wallace. They find that Einstein's theory of relativity flowered, not alone in a desert, but as the brightest bloom in a flower garden. They prove, in fact, that science is not really revolutionary after all: that there is nothing new under the sun. The scientist, however remote he may seem, is always bound closely to the scientific life around him. He cannot work in a vacuum. He has to take the ideas and problems as they exist among his fellows, transmute them in his own personal way, and then bring them back as offerings to his community. He both takes and gives, in the scientific currency of his time.

This is because science is at heart a progressive, evolutionary subject. Nothing good or sound is ever thrown away. It all goes into the foundations. Those who come after, whether they call themselves pure or applied scientists, are all science-users in that they use all that has gone before them. At any instant there is a narrow frontier dividing what has gone before from the problems still to be solved. This frontier occasionally gets stuck at places, where it runs up against one of the big problems of science, but for the most part it is steadily moving forward, recognizably changing position even from day to day.

It is not surprising that this should be so. Countless hands now push it along. Keeping in touch with its position from day to day, even on a narrow sector, has become surprisingly difficult. It is in fact becoming the main problem that the modern scientist has to face in his own work. It is a strikingly narrow frontier: such width as it appears to have is usually due to his own inability to find it exactly. Yet finding it exactly is half the battle in modern research. If the scientist does not find it, he is in danger either of being too timid and wasting his talents on a stale problem, or of being too bold and futilely attempting the impossible. On the other hand, if he can pinpoint its position really well, deciding the next step forward and how to make it is often surprisingly easy. This almost looks like a new principle in scientific

research. Certainly, as scientists become more and more aware of it, it is changing the pattern of scientific research itself. Keeping in touch is the thing, and that means meeting as many people working in your own field as possible and meeting them as often as possible. If you can meet them every day, in a great laboratory, so much the better.

Rash of Conferences

Failing that, there is the scientific conference. These conferences have broken out all over the world like a rash. By going perhaps to New York and Madrid, back to London and Paris, then on to Moscow, calling at Zurich and Prague before going on next to Tokyo, a man can fill his days completely with scientific conferences on his own particular branch of science. If an important new idea, discovery, or technique, is brought forward on the first day of such a conference, it will be minutely scrutinized, turned inside out, taken apart and put together again so many times during the next three days, and so many thousands of words will pour over it round the coffee tables, that already, before the conference is ended, it will have become historical; a classical well-worn foothold for those trying to make the next leap forward.

This is an age of research teams, big laboratories, international research projects. New ways of estimating scientific capability appear. Mutterings are heard about the 'non-viability' of those unfortunate research groups in outlying places, too isolated to keep in touch with the frontier and too small in numbers to make any part of it their own. The large laboratory, the big project, the stacks of research reports, the breathless letter-to-the-editor, the international conference; all this is bustling modern 'city-science', something far removed from the quiet contemplation in a country orchard. We may not like it, and some of the rarest spirits shy away from it altogether, preferring to find some quiet, unfashionable corner of science. But it is undoubtedly here to stay: it is proving to be such an effective way of creating science.

A few very great scientists can, of course, stand apart from all this. They are strong enough to create their own frontier wherever they are and have no worries about isolation. They can leap far ahead without losing their balance or can stand back and find great new problems right under everyone's noses, in the most familiar places. The way they choose to work is then entirely a matter for their own temperament. Some never seek solitude. Rutherford never did. The research students and visiting scientists flocked round him in huge numbers and he loved it. Even for the giants, standing apart can be precarious. People are still wondering what Einstein might have done in his later years if he had not decided to let quantum physics go on ahead without him: or Eddington, if he had not tried to jump quite so far ahead in the physics of fundamental particles.

A False Idea

It is sometimes said that pure science is for the solitary individual and applied science for the crowds. This idea springs partly from history; partly also from the immense prestige of pure science in this country, which lifts up its outstanding names into public figures. But it is false: the opportunity for brilliant invention and the need for patient teamwork are just as strong in both kinds of science. I wonder what Rutherford's research students, enjoying together the most exciting company in the world of pure science, would have thought of the idea? Or Shockley and Bardeen with their transistor? Or Whittle with his jet engine? Or Kroll, with his process for making titanium, a man who delights in playing David to the Goliaths of the scientific world?

An even worse suggestion is that pure science is adventurous and applied science dull. This false idea has, it seems to me, done much harm to applied science in Britain, frightening away

many of the best brains. Adventurousness, conservatism, originality, dullness: these are human qualities that run through the fabric of all human endeavours. They belong to the people doing the work and not to the work itself, certainly not in such a freely creative subject as science. Some of the most exciting pure science at present, the determination of the structure of living molecules, requires extreme patience in repeated chemical extractions and x-ray examinations. The adventure is in trying to achieve the goal, not in the day-to-day work itself. There are daring projects in applied science that enthral their research teams with a sense of high adventure. Satellites and rockets; Zeta; making real diamonds from coal; or, looking backwards, Bessemer audaciously making steel by lifting a pool of molten iron up on a bed of air: these are all scientific adventures. To stake everything on a bold enterprise—that is the way to adventure in anything.

Big Projects and Great Laboratories

The big projects and great laboratories are gradually leading to a new kind of creativity in science. By pooling their individual talents and efforts in a common purpose the members of such organizations are able to attempt new ventures with a boldness and on a scale far beyond the scope of the individual. It is a collective creativity, rather like that involved in, for example, producing an opera or a ballet. In these one needs not only the Stravinskys and Benjamin Brittens but also all the various orchestralists, soloists, chorus, designers, costumiers, and producers. They all create as individuals, but to the common purpose; and it is the result of all their efforts, the collective creation, that is the finished work of art. Many modern laboratories are striving to achieve the same sort of thing in science.

In some parts of science it has not yet become necessary to work in these large groups. In much of chemistry and biology, for example, and in applied sciences such as metallurgy and electronics, it is still possible to do highly original work on a small laboratory bench with a microscope and a few pieces of glassware. There are certainly advantages in the large laboratory for such small-scale researches; for example, in keeping in touch with the frontier and in the stimulating company of one's colleagues; but great size is not an overriding necessity with them. On the other hand, in other parts of science—for example, in nuclear physics, radio-astronomy, atomic energy, and aeronautical research—there is no alternative. The apparatus is so big.

Organizing scientific research on the scale of big operatic and theatrical productions is still something new in science, and we hardly know yet how to bring it off. Science is behind the arts here. It has nothing equivalent to the centuries-old traditions of the renowned theatrical companies and symphony orchestras, who have learned the secret of holding together large groups of highly individualistic creative artists so as to combine their resources in great single productions. This way of working still feels new and strange to scientists, particularly those from universities where the solitary genius is still the ideal image of the scientist.

The arts undoubtedly have something to teach science here. We have learnt how to train the scientific equivalent of the individual composer, painter, and writer—even the *prima donna*—but have little idea beyond this. How to train the chorus, the orchestra, the *corps de ballet*, how to encourage that delicate balance between individual creative research and collective teamwork, is still far from clear. The armies of Ph.D.s that now march out from the universities each year are our best attempt so far at that problem.

Even worse, we have no idea at all of how to train the people who stage the great productions; the equivalents of Diaghilev, Garrick, Eisenstein, and D'Oyly Carte. The answer may well be that they are not trainable. But at least we ought to have some basis on which to recognize the right qualities and to select whom we should encourage to go in that particular direction. At present we just have to hope that those in possession of such gifts will recognize the fact for themselves. Some do, and the laboratories they build become famous for the sustained brilliance of their work. But it often fails. There are monumentally dull laboratories as well as dazzlingly brilliant ones. Without a tradition of creative leadership to guide us it is inevitable that this should be so. Does a great scientist make the best director of a large laboratory? If so, what sort of man should he be? The solitary man is obviously unsuitable. On the other hand, if he goes too far the other way he

may so dominate everyone with his brilliance and personality that he turns his staff into technicians, stifling their creativities by capping every idea with a better one of his own. How does one in fact lead a team of individualists?

Day-to-day Administration

Then there is the problem of day-to-day administration. Should the weight of this fall on the shoulders of the director? If so, he has to remain the creative prime mover of the whole thing and yet deal with all the problems of finance, accommodation, staff appointments, and the thousand-and-one cares of any large group of people. If the management goes over to professional administrators, can these remain sufficiently unobtrusive and not spoil everything by tidying it all up, bringing in efficiency, rules, and red tape?

One striking feature of the large research laboratories is that, with a few exceptions, they rarely live long: usefully, that is. They mostly shine brilliantly for about ten years or so and then suddenly appear to burn themselves out. Their dynamism, self-confidence, and sense of direction all seem to disappear. Why does this happen? Is it inevitable? Do the good people leave, or become stale, or does the administration eventually become top-heavy? We do not know.

The people at the laboratory bench also have their problems. Except when you are fortunate enough to be riding a wave of success, full-time research day in and day out can be a nerve-racking business. There is a tendency to feel that you have not justified your existence when your experiments fail to come off and your theories are proved wrong. Worrying about such things takes the joy out of research, and in the end spoils the research by forcing it into timid channels where a mediocre success of sorts is made certain.

The universities have an elegant solution to this problem. There, a man is expected to do both teaching and research, about half his time at each. He makes his reputation by research but makes his living by teaching. The solid, reliable load of his teaching duties assures him of his value to the community and liberates him from the anxieties that can chill the work of the full-time professional research scientist. How is the problem to be solved in the large research laboratory? Part-time teaching might be possible for those near large centres of population but, at best, this could only be a stop-gap solution. Perhaps the old ideas about the solitary genius still haunt the corridors of the modern laboratory too much. Perhaps we shall have to look to the theatrical arts to exorcize them.—*Third Programme*

On the death of a brother

Pits of strawed dung; deep fuming piles of grass;
Tansies, slain men. Here, in this odorous field,
Decay grows curative. Such better creatures
As died soon spilt all their virtue there,
Left none for balsam.

In the perilous season
Of June, I walked through the heavy-leaved land
Seeking some residue; yet dead, my brother
Can make no new thing, nor another come
To raise a fresh and vigorous undergrowth.

Autumn, and my brother's gun found, its steel
Gone scabbed with rust, all his things scabbed no less.
Him we keep no more bright than them: the truth
Spoils, the vulgar myth crusts over all.
We lose him: he shines, caught by an aftergleam
Before vanishing.

He was fresh from school
As one fresh from hell. He covered up his wrongs
In casual arms. There was no time. He had
No joy to the last: it was his best endeavour
To assuage anguish. Fighting, he went to the war
To make truce there, or as if to walk afield
On a lazy forenoon with a gun and friends.

P. N. FURBANK

The Sky at Night

Measuring the Universe

By PATRICK MOORE

The following article is based on the B.B.C. television programme of August 31, in which Sir Harold Spencer Jones, F.R.S., the former Astronomer Royal, took part with Mr. Moore

RECENTLY Dr. J. Minkowski, using the 200-inch reflecting telescope at Palomar in California, has carried out studies of the remote galaxy 3C-295. The object, in the constellation of Boötes, appears as a faint misty patch even on photographs taken with the Palomar instrument, which is at present by far the largest in the world (though the Russians are constructing a 236-inch). It seems that 3C-295 lies at a distance of about 5,000,000,000 light-years, and is receding from us at almost 90,000 miles a second. It is thus the most remote galaxy so far measured.

Astronomical distances are so tremendous, judged by our everyday experience, that they are not easy to appreciate. Even the Moon, much the nearest of the natural celestial bodies, is almost 250,000 miles from us. Venus, the nearest planet, may approach within 25,000,000 miles; Mars within 35,000,000. The fundamental unit of length is the distance between the Earth and the Sun. Appropriately enough, this is termed the 'astronomical unit'.

In the first two decades of the seventeenth century the great German astronomer Johann Kepler drew up the three laws of planetary motion upon which all later work has been based. These laws made it possible to draw up a complete scale model of the Solar System in terms of the astronomical unit, and all that remained to be done was to determine the precise length of the astronomical unit itself. This proved to be an extremely difficult matter, and was not accurately done until recently.

Once the scale model has been drawn up, the essential requirement is to obtain a very accurate orbit for any one body; the remaining distances, including the astronomical unit, may then be calculated in miles. Particularly convenient is the small minor planet Eros, discovered in 1898 by Witt of Berlin. Unlike most of the minor planets, Eros does not keep to the main swarm between the orbits of Mars and Jupiter. Its path brings it closer in than Mars, and it may approach the Earth to within 16,000,000 miles. Since it is a tiny body, with a diameter smaller than that of the Isle of Wight, it appears as a starlight point, which facilitates accurate measurement of its position.

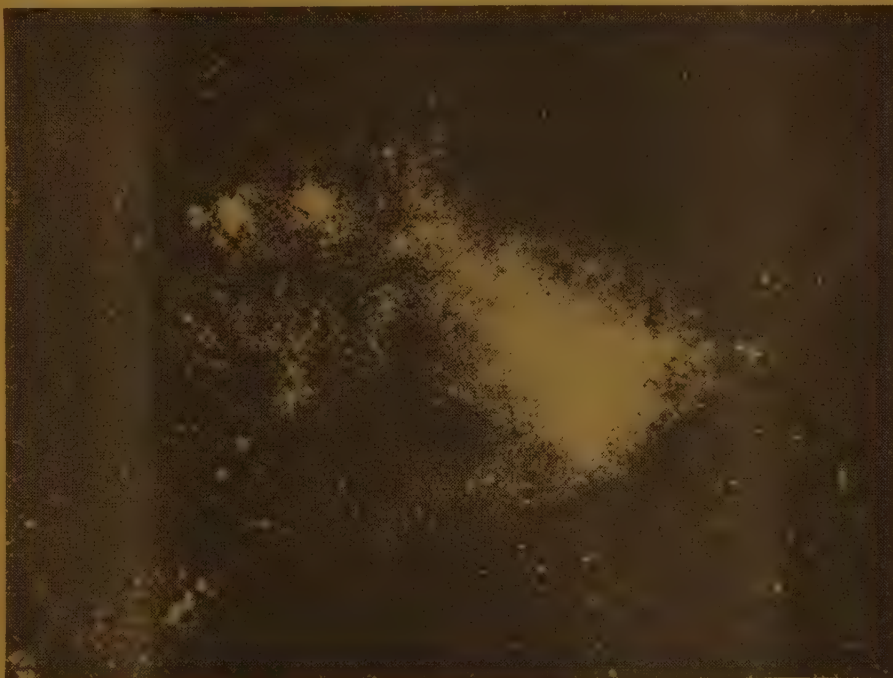
In 1931 there was a close approach of Eros, and intensive photographic studies were carried out by observatories in different parts of the world. Owing to its closeness, the minor planet showed considerable parallax. If photographed simultaneously from two widely separated observatories, its position against the starry back-

ground would not be quite the same, because it would be viewed from two different directions. The amount of the displacement, combined with a knowledge of the distance between the observation points, therefore enabled its distance to be calculated.

The analysis and reduction of the observations was carried out by Sir Harold Spencer Jones, who retired from the position of Astronomer Royal only a few



The parallax of a relatively near star may be determined by observing it from opposite sides of the Earth's orbit and using more distant stars as reference points. E1 denotes the position of the Earth in December; E2 in June



The Nubeculae, or Clouds of Magellan, which are the nearest of the external galaxies: both are visible to the naked eye but are too far south to be seen from England

years ago. From them, Sir Harold derived a value for the astronomical unit of very slightly over 93,000,000 miles.

Even more accurate methods are now available. Radar contact with the planet Venus has been established, and the time taken for a radar pulse to return to the transmitting station after being 'bounced back' gives the distance of Venus itself. The latest figure for the length of the astronomical unit is 92,840,000 miles, with a possible uncertainty of only about 1,000 miles.

However, these studies of the Solar System are only a beginning. The stars are much more remote;

even the nearest of them is more than four light-years away. Since a light-year is equal to 5,880,000,000,000 miles, the immense scale of the universe is immediately evident. Some of the nearer stars show appreciable parallax displacements, but the procedure adopted is different, since the Earth is too small to be used as a base-line. The base-line adopted is the orbit of the Earth round the Sun, which amounts to two astronomical units, or about 186,000,000 miles. The near star is observed at six-monthly intervals, and the annual parallax is derived.

Unfortunately, all these parallaxes are very small, and the whole method has marked limitations. For instance Vega, the brilliant bluish star in Lyra which is almost overhead during summer evenings, is only twenty-six light-years off, and the displacement may be measured. Deneb in Cygnus, which does not appear as brilliant as Vega, is much more luminous—it has a candlepower of 16,000 times that of the Sun—and also much more remote, so that its parallax is too small to be measured with any accuracy. The value given for its distance, about 650 light-years, is derived by less direct means. In general it may be said that the parallax

method is reliable out to only about 300 light-years at most.

Once the real luminosity of a star is known, its candlepower may be compared with its apparent brightness, and its distance worked out. There is some analogy here with the observation of the distant headlights of a car. If the headlights appear faint, the car must be a long way away; if they are brilliant, the distance is less, assuming that all headlights are of much the same power. An apparently conspicuous star may be brilliant either because it is close (as with Sirius) or because it is really very luminous (as with Deneb).

Spectroscopic studies enable reasonably accurate luminosity values to be given for many stars, and this method extends our measurement farther than parallax determinations can do. Of particular importance in this connexion are the Cepheid variables, so called because the most famous member of the class is the star Delta Cephei. Unlike most stars, such as the Sun, these Cepheids do not shine steadily. They brighten and fade over periods of a few days, and their periods are absolutely regular. It has been found that the period of a Cepheid is linked with the star's real luminosity. For instance, Eta Aquilæ, which lies not far from the brilliant Altair, has a period of 7.17 days. Any other Cepheid with a period of 7.17 days will therefore have the same candlepower as Eta Aquilæ. If it appears fainter, it is correspondingly more distant. The rule is: the longer the period, the greater the luminosity.

This period-luminosity law, which is undoubtedly valid even though its precise cause is uncertain, was derived from studies carried out in 1913 by Miss Henrietta Leavitt. Miss Leavitt was studying Cepheids in the Nubecula Minor, or Small Magellanic Cloud, an external galaxy which is unfortunately too far south to be visible in England. To all intents and purposes, the stars in the Cloud may be regarded as being equally distant from us, and Miss Leavitt found that the apparent brilliancies increased according to the period of variation of the Cepheids.

Cepheids are highly luminous stars, and may therefore be seen over long distances. At that time it was still uncertain whether the so-called 'spiral nebulae', such as Messier 31 in Andromeda, were members of our own star-system, or whether they were galaxies in their own right. A decade later the problem was cleared up when E. E. Hubble, using the Mount Wilson 100-inch reflector, detected Cepheids in the Andromeda Spiral. He established that the Cepheids, and therefore the Spiral itself, lay far beyond the boundary of the galaxy in which the Sun is situated. It is now known that the Andromeda Spiral is at least 2,000,000 light-years away; nevertheless, it is one of the nearest of the external systems.

Cepheids have been detected in other galaxies besides the Andromeda Spiral and the Magellanic Clouds, and so distance measures have been obtained. Further away still, however, even the Cepheids become too faint to be seen individually.

The estimates may be continued by observations of particularly luminous stars such as supergiants, and by the occasional novæ and supernovæ. By assuming average luminosities for these objects, distance values may be obtained which are reasonably reliable, though much less accurate than for the Cepheids. Supernovæ, in particular, are immensely powerful. During the last 1,000 years very few have been seen in our own galaxy; the stars of 1054, 1572 (Tycho's Star), and possibly 1604 (Kepler's Star) are the only examples. Considerable numbers have, however, been seen in other galaxies. One was even observed in 1885 in the Andromeda Spiral.

With still larger distances even the supergiants and supernovæ cannot be seen individually. It is then necessary to consider the complete galaxies, and to assume average dimensions for them. This procedure is made rather easier by the fact that galaxies are of various types; by no means all of them are spiral, and in fact spirals prove to be in a distinct minority. One important 'cluster' of galaxies is near enough for its supergiants to be detected, and the various separate galaxies in it may be regarded as equally distant from us, so that average dimensions for the various types of galaxies may be obtained.

Measures of the radial velocities of galaxies are of fundamental importance in these investigations. Doppler shifts may be measured, and apart from members of our local cluster it has been found that all the galaxies are receding at high velocities. Moreover, the farther away they are, the faster they are going. The 90,000-mile-per-second recessional velocity of 3C-295 is the

fastest yet studied, but it is certain that when a still more distant galaxy is found it will be receding even more quickly. Various attempts have been made to explain these Red Shifts in other ways, but it now generally agreed that they really are Doppler effects, and indicate recession. It follows that the whole universe is expanding.

There is no suggestion that our own galaxy is the centre of the universe. Such an idea is as absurd as the ancient theory that our own tiny Earth occupied the central position. The expansion of the universe is general; each cluster of galaxies is receding from each other cluster.

Several fascinating problems present themselves at once. 3C-295 is receding from us at half the speed of light. As our range of measurement is increased, there must theoretically come a time when we reach the distance at which a galaxy will be receding with the speed of light itself. This must mark the boundary of the observable universe.

At still greater distances, the light from the receding galaxies will never reach us at all. If the limiting distance is about 10,000,000,000 light-years, as is indicated, then we have already probed half-way to the edge of the observable universe.

Visual studies have their limitations, and we can hardly hope that the Palomar reflector will extend our range much farther. The Russian 236-inch will be even more powerful, when completed, but it seems that the best hopes are held out by radio methods. Radio astronomy is a young science, and dates only from the early nineteen-thirties, when Karl Jansky first detected radio waves from the Milky Way. Nevertheless it has already provided us with much information which could not have been obtained in any other way, and it seems that radio waves are detectable over longer distances than is the case with visible light.

This research is linked, too, with problems of the origin and evolution of the universe. At present there are two main theories. It may be that the universe had its origin at a definite moment, and that the present recession of the galaxies from each other has been going on ever since the explosion of what has been termed the 'primal atom'. On the other hand, Hoyle and others consider that the universe has always existed, and will exist for ever, in which case new matter is being created all the time. On this hypothesis new galaxies will be formed to take the place of those distant systems which vanish beyond the edge of the observable universe.

The only way to decide between the two theories seems to be to carry out studies of extremely remote galaxies in order to see whether their distribution is the same as for our own part of the



Remote cluster of galaxies in Hydra

universe. When we examine such systems, we are not only looking through space; we are also looking backwards in time. At present, for instance, we see 3C-295 not as it is, but as it used to be 5,000,000,000 years ago, probably before the Earth existed as a separate body. If we can look back, say, 10,000,000,000 years, we shall be seeing the galaxies as they used to be in the comparatively young days of the universe.

Research has made amazing progress during the last few centuries. The pattern is a striking one. The establishment of Kepler's

Laws led to a scale model for the Solar System; parallax and, later, radar observations provided absolute distance-values. In the stellar universe, parallax measures paved the way; estimates of the intrinsic luminosities of the stars, particularly for those invaluable 'standard candles', the Cepheids, extended our range well beyond the local galaxy to the star-systems; the spectroscope proved an immensely powerful tool, and now radio methods have come to our aid. It is too early to claim that we are sure of our ground, but there is every reason to be optimistic about the future.

Justice in Los Angeles

The second of four talks on American criminal procedure by C. R. HEWITT

SOMETIMES, in British films, court scenes are so unlike the real thing that I have always believed—almost anxiously believed—that Hollywood was similarly unreliable about American courts. I saw lately a British television play in which a prosecuting counsel at the Old Bailey and a man on trial for murder were trying to shout each other down while the judge hammered enthusiastically on his desk with something that looked like a stonemason's mallet. In twenty-five years' experience of our criminal courts I never saw anything so exciting.

So I jumped at the chance to visit the Los Angeles Hall of Justice, and find out for myself just how much the proceedings differed from what I have come to expect in American films. There seemed little excuse for any difference, with Hollywood and Disney-land next door to the courts: and the difference was not so great as to amount to a real black mark for Hollywood film directors. I saw parts of two murder trials. Either of them, to judge from the court atmosphere, could easily have been a case of selling unfit meat or stealing a dog. It was a reminder that Los Angeles has as many murders in a year as we have in the whole of Great Britain. The informality suggested by the absence of wigs and gowns was emphasized by the general atmosphere of relaxation, which seemed to affect even the prisoner.

In one of the courts, while the prosecuting and defending attorneys questioned the prisoner they reclined in their seats with their arms over the backs of their chairs, and one of them had his left foot on the edge of the desk to keep his chair balanced on its two back legs. The deputy sheriff sitting near the door looked as though his sole function was to proclaim, by his dress, that this was really the country of 'Wells Fargo' and 'Wagon Train'. All the time I was in court he was laughing and talking audibly with a colleague. The police inspector on duty screwed up a sheet of paper he had been writing on and threw it about six yards into a small wastepaper basket. It was such a good shot that I felt certain he must have done it fre-

quently. People were bustling in and out of the court all the time and no one seemed to mind about the noise they made. The court 'stenotype' man was in a wheeled chair, not because he was disabled but so that he could propel himself about the court and put himself nearer to half-audible witnesses and other speakers. Throughout the proceedings, as he typed, he chewed stolidly, with his mouth wide open. He recorded the whole of the speech for the prosecution, but when the speech for the defence began he propelled himself over to the police witnesses' seats and laughed and chatted with the detective officers, all of whom were chewing too.

In the second court I visited, the atmosphere was rather more dignified; but here the attorneys did walk about while they were speaking, and once one of them put his face about six inches from the face of a woman on the witness stand who was already crying. If they do that often, I thought, it is a wonder they

don't get assaulted in court: perhaps they do. They even did one thing in which I have always thought the cinemas must have been wrong: they would ask a witness a question while actually walking away from him, so that the question was really fired at the jury, and it was obvious that the question was considered far more important than any answer. In each court the jury was composed of nine women and three men, with three extra jurors, all women, sitting alongside them ready for emergency vacancies. I thought the proportion of women to men seemed strange, but I was told it was fortuitous—'the luck of the draw'. The three reserve jurors, who were all taking notes like the others, seemed to me on the whole a better idea than the English custom of continuing a trial with eleven, ten, or even nine jurors when there are casualties or defections.

The Hall of Justice is an immense building, imposing in a 1984 kind of way, with a great quantity of glass window space and glass partitions, and with rubber-floored corridors and express, silent lifts. In addition to three floors of court rooms it con-



The Hall of Justice, Los Angeles

tains the police headquarters, which are like the offices of some wealthy insurance or banking corporation or perhaps a Ministry of Thought, and the Los Angeles city jail, which is exclusively controlled and administered by the Police Department. After a good lunch in the police cafeteria on the top floor, which seats about 1,500 people, I had a look round the Police Department, its Criminal Record Office, narcotics and homicide branches, and a ballistics department where the wealth and variety of firearms seem to proclaim a civilization that has prevailed by the very quality of being quick on the draw. But what interested me most was the contraption known as the polygraph truth test, or lie-detector. I knew that the theory of mechanical lie-detection is that lying usually causes changes in the blood pressure, the pulse, and the respiration; and here was a chance to find out for myself whether lying would do these things to me.

It did! I thought I was a good liar, but the polygraph obviously thought otherwise. An extremely courteous and efficient detective officer first showed me how the 'three-channel polygraph' works. First, there is a leather cuff that fits round your upper arm and is connected by a rubber tube to the polygraph itself; this records changes in blood pressure and pulse rate. Then there is a 'pneumograph' tube that goes round your chest and records the rate and depth of your breathing. Lastly, they fasten an electrode to one of your hands, and this registers the resistance of the skin to tiny electrical charges introduced through the electrode; if your hand sweats, the current runs more freely and the needle records the change. The operator sits at the machine as if it were a desk, and you sit in a chair as if you were trying to sell him something. He asks you factual questions, and the theory is that a man giving truthful answers causes the three recording pencils, or needles, to make roughly straight and parallel graphs on a moving paper scroll, but every lie is supposed to record a little jump, as the graph goes up and then comes down again. I thought: 'I'll tell him a few lies, whatever he asks; and if I feel no emotional changes as I do it, surely the machine won't feel them either'.

'I think we'll only use the skin galvanometer', said the Los Angeles detective. 'It's this one that fastens to your hand. I don't want to strap you up too much, and one line will probably be enough'.

This meant that the machine was expected to bowl me out with two of its three hands tied, so to speak. So I prepared myself to expose the fatuity of the whole thing. The detective officer produced a pack of cards. 'I'm going to show you three cards', he said, 'without looking at them myself. Remember what they are, and then I'll run through the whole pack and ask you to tell me when your three come up. I want you to try to deceive the machine'.

He turned up the three of diamonds, the queen of clubs, and the nine of clubs. Then he shuffled the cards, switched on the polygraph, the paper scroll started moving, and he began turning up the cards with their faces to me and their backs to him. 'Was it this card? Was it this one? This one?' and so on through the whole pack—fifty-two chances to tell lies.

The fourth card he turned up was the ace of diamonds, and I said 'Yes', though it was not one of the three cards; and I said it without a tremor. When the queen of clubs came up I denied having seen her before, which was lie number two. I told the truth about the other two cards, and three more lies about cards I had not seen before. Then he reversed

the polygraph recording and studied the record of my mendacity.

I could hardly believe my eyes. The six lies I had told were all faithfully represented by little bumps in an otherwise reasonably straight line. 'But why?' I said. 'I couldn't care less whether those were the right answers'.

The detective officer said: 'You must have cared a bit, or those bumps wouldn't be there. You cared because you wanted to cheat the machine, and you'd care a lot more if you were a felony suspect'.

I ventured to remark that a good many people the police suspect of felony turn out to be innocent, and yet they tell lies because the truth does not seem likely to help them much. With those people the polygraph would merely make the worst of a bad job.

'No, you're wrong', he said. 'If a genuine person lies he usually tells the wrong lies, and they get him out of the mess just as surely as if he told the truth all the way through. The polygraph establishes innocence a lot more often than it suggests guilt'.

This sounded a bit like a recitation, but I learned that the polygraph itself—the machine—is only part of the apparatus: an equally important part is the training and experience and integrity of its operator. He has to know the mechanical details of his equipment but also he must know some of the principles of physiology and psychology and what the Americans call 'the art of interrogation'. An untrained man, they say, can no more use a polygraph than a layman can diagnose a heart condition with a stethoscope. But given trained and honest examiners, the polygraph truth test is said to be 95 per cent. accurate, the remaining 5 per cent. being chiefly cases



Demonstration with a polygraph, or lie-detector

Tennessee Law Review

of guilty criminals who have no feeling of guilt or who are callously indifferent about right and wrong.

These polygraph tests are much more widely used than I imagined: they are used in hundreds of American banks and industrial plants in the interviewing of applicants for jobs. As for the courts of law, they mostly reject this kind of evidence because the methods of procedure and technique are not yet standardized. But it is significant that nearly all the criminal cases where this evidence has been admitted at a trial, and then ruled out on appeal to a higher court, have been cases where the prisoner himself had demanded the truth test and then claimed that it proved his innocence. Its main use to the police is in eliminating innocent suspects, and sometimes suggesting new lines of inquiry.

The Americans are very scientific about all these things—they have an Academy of Forensic Sciences and a Society for the Detection of Deception and other similar movements. But when this attitude is seen at work in the Los Angeles city jail, with the police in charge, the impression you get is that the prisoners are on much the same footing as dogs in a Russian space ship. The cells are all hygienic, with rubber floors, and with unbreakable glass walls instead of iron bars. But I saw as many as sixty men of all colours and ages in one cell rather smaller than a squash court, some of them awaiting trial and possibly innocent, some of them men convicted of misdemeanour serving sentences of anything up to six months. Round the walls at intervals, in full view of everyone, were the toilets. It is difficult not to conclude that the Police Department, at all events, are more interested in fine buildings and beautifully tabulated statistical returns than they are in awkward, or foolish, or wicked, or decadent human beings. They have a bigger problem than we have, but bigger and better jails do not so far seem to be the answer.

—Home Service



'Among remote and empty seas, the remote and empty island known as Iceland': a modern airliner flying over the volcanic hinterland

Horizons West

How the Vikings Discovered America—I

GWYN JONES on 'Westwards to Iceland'

IN the ninth century, Swedish and Norwegian sailors discovered among remote and empty seas the remote and empty island known ever since as Iceland. Before the tenth century was out, sailors from Norway and Iceland discovered, among even remoter and emptier seas, the remoter and emptier island known ever since as Greenland—and a pretty large island it is too. Finally, round about the year 1,000, the sons and grandsons and great-great-grandsons of these same sailors, from havens in Norway, Iceland, and Greenland, lashed by tempest, nudged by fog, herded by wind and wave south and west of all known marks and bearings, came at last to the furthest reaches of the ocean, and landed, battered but resolute, on the eastern shores of lands we now know as Canada and the United States of America.

I do not want to attach the wrong kind of importance to these voyages. Let us leave Iceland out of it for a moment. But if Eirik the Red had not discovered Greenland in the nine-eighties, it would not have made fourpennyworth of difference to the world in general. And if his son, Leif the Lucky, had not discovered America in the year 1,000, what odds? He was not looking for America: he did not so much as know it was there. And nothing was radically changed by his voyage. Columbus was 500 years ahead, and General Motors 400 more. Equally I would be the first to agree that there is a sense in which Leif accomplished nothing—except discover America. Equally, I would be the first to insist that Leif was one of the greatest sailors of medieval times: one of those supreme men of action by whom the stature of all his fellow-men has been notably increased.

Everybody knows that the Vikings were great journeyers. They not only played havoc with western Europe and the

British Isles, but they penetrated the Mediterranean and clashed with the Moors in Spain. They went down the great Russian rivers and took service with the Emperor in Constantinople. As mercenaries they died in Africa and Arabia. But our present concern is with their travels in the North Atlantic—the north North Atlantic; and there with the westward crossings only.

Most of us, when we hear the word 'Norseman' or 'Viking', begin to think in terms of their long-ships, but these were never used for ocean voyages. They were built to move speedily under oars in protected waters. But for the kind of journey we are now considering they used the so-called *hafskip*, which means ocean ship or deep-sea ship. This was shorter than the long-ship, broader in the beam, and had an altogether higher freeboard. It could carry far more cargo and necessarily drew more water. There were oars fore and aft in case of emergency, but, in general, the *hafskip* proceeded under one big square sail, which could be reefed when needed. It was steered by a rudder secured to the starboard quarter, and if we are to judge by results was a splendidly seaworthy vessel.

On voyages intended to end in colonization, conditions must have been far from comfortable. Take a big boat, for example, a fifty-tonner. Then take, let us say, thirty-five men as crew, add some women and children, horses, cattle, pigs, sheep and goats, food and fodder, household goods, water, miscellaneous tackle, and it is beginning to look quite a crowd. With a ship of this kind, with this animate and inanimate cargo, a good skipper would go anywhere; and expect to arrive—as they did arrive in Iceland, Greenland, and America.

The Norsemen, it seems, discovered the island by accident. The credit goes either to a Swede named Gardar, or a



Carving, on a stone in the Swedish island of Gotland, of a Viking ship with its square sail, of about the eighth century
From 'The Viking Ships' by A. W. Brøgger and H. Shetelig (Dreyers Forlag, Oslo)

Norwegian called Naddod, both of them professional adventurers. Early sources name them both, but in different order. Storm-driven over the ocean, they were the first to see rise before them the high mountains and precipitous entries of Iceland's eastern coast. Naddod called the new land Snaeland—Snowland—and it was a third arrival, a man named Floki, who gave it the name by which it is known today, Iceland.

His main navigation aid consisted of three ravens. Some way out from the Faeroes he released the first, which prudently flew back to the land it had left. Later he released the second, which rose, surveyed the empty horizons, and, even more prudently, returned to the ship. Later he released the third, which flew straight ahead and so gave them a bearing for Iceland. They had a cold winter of it, and when he got back to Norway, Floki had nothing good to say of the place; but his mate, Thorolf, had been more favourably impressed. According to him, every blade of grass in Iceland dripped with butter. Whether anyone believed him, who can say, but to his friends thenceforward he was Thorolf Butter.

This discovery, somewhere about 860 or so, had taken place just in time. King Harald Fairhair, a great and ruthless king, was about to overrun all the petty kingdoms and swollen lordships of Norway; and many proud men of high birth would be looking for new homes and estates. And here was Iceland, completely empty apart from a handful of Irish hermits in the south-east. So, between 870 and 930, we have the colonization of a new outpost of Europe, by men of Norse blood, sometimes blended with blood from their kingdoms and forays in Ireland and the Western Isles. Not all of them went willingly. There was Helgi Magri, for example, Helgi the Lean, son of a Norse nobleman and an Irish princess. He heard tell that men were uprooting themselves from their ancestral homes and making the Iceland voyage. 'To that place of fish', said Helgi scornfully, 'I shall never come in my old age'. But come he did in the end, one of the founding fathers of the new republic; and in the Icelandic countryside you can today shake hands with men in direct line of descent from him.

The first settler was a man named Ingolf Arnarson, a Norwegian of good birth and fine character. He had a foster-brother named Hjorleif whom he loved dearly. They got into trouble in Norway, killed the son of a rich and warlike family—everything above-board and honourably done, I hasten to add—and decided they had better get out of Norway before the avengers of blood caught up with them. They had heard of this new country out in the ocean where the grass dripped with butter, so sailed off to take a look at it, liked what they saw, and transferred to Iceland with everything they possessed. Ingolf was a devout man; so first he made a great sacrifice to the god Thor and put his future in his hands. He took the porch-pillars of his Norwegian home with him, and as soon as they sighted land threw them overboard, intending to settle down wherever they came ashore. Many settlers did this. But Hjorleif was a tougher type: he made no sacrifice, believed in no god, and in the old Viking phrase, trusted in his own might and main.

Ingolf made himself a home for the first winter on a defensible

headland on the south coast. Hjorleif, who had been driven off course and almost perished of thirst, made land further west and built himself a much more pretentious home on another headland. He had ten Irish slaves with him, men he had taken prisoner on a Viking raid. In the spring he decided to sow some corn. But he had only one ox, so he made his slaves drag the plough. These Irishmen were slaves by the fortune of war: they were all fighting men of free birth, and not disposed to drag a plough. So they hit on a plan. They killed the ox and reported to Hjorleif that a bear had killed it. Hjorleif routed out his men and they scattered through the scrub looking for the bear. When they were widely dispersed, the Irishmen took each his man and murdered the entire company. They then seized the women, the stock, and the boat, and made off for a group of islands whose tusky rocks can just be espied from Hjorleif's farm. And on these islands they lived for a while the life of Riley.

That same spring, Ingolf had sent two of his men west along the coast looking for his porch-pillars. Instead of porch-pillars they came upon the newly-slain bodies of their comrades, and hurried back with the news. This was a poor end, said Ingolf, for a brave man, to be butchered by slaves; but there you are, if a man will not believe in the gods and sacrifice. . . . From the top of the headland he saw those same islands the Irishmen had seen, and thought they would bear a visit. He came ashore quietly, fell upon the Irishmen like a thunderbolt, and killed them to the last man. Some ran up to the high precipices and jumped off rather than face him. Anyone who has gone by sea from Britain to Iceland—and that must include scores of thousands of ex-servicemen—will remember passing, or, on a particularly fine day, even threading, the awe-inspiring Westman Islands—the Vest-manna-eyjar. They are the Isles of the Men from the West, the Isles of the Irishmen.

Ingolf still had to find his porch-pillars and establish a home. It took him another two summers to do this, at a spot to which he gave the name Reykjavik, Steamy Bay, from the hot springs in the neighbourhood. This is that same Reykjavik which is now the capital of Iceland.

By the time the settlement was over, and all the inhabitable land taken into possession, there must have been 30,000 people living there. It was a spectacular country in which these adventurers found a new home; utterly uninhabitable, except on and near the coast; sundered by deep fjords and furious rivers; barricaded by rock, lava, mountain and glacier; shaken by earthquake and ravaged by volcanoes: hard enough to bring the utmost out of a man, not quite hard enough to destroy him. So, for 400

years, in their remote northern way, they lived it up pretty high.

For example, they could afford the luxury of a great literature and murderous family feuds; a famous code of law and a notorious lawlessness; personal independence and civil war. They bred a society of individuals as proud as Lucifer; they enjoyed the expected triumphs, and they reaped the inevitable disasters.

From 1260 to 1940 they were in subjection to a foreign king; but now, for twenty years, they have been independent again: very independent. They claim Europe's oldest parliament—and a twelve-mile fishing limit. But that is another story.

—Home Service



National Day celebrations in the Westman Islands, the Isles of the Men from the West, south of Iceland

The 'Last Viking'

RONALD POPPERWELL on Charles XII of Sweden

TO the late Frans Bengtsson, Charles XII of Sweden was the perfect hero, whose life, he says, was 'the drama of a man of honour among a gang of crowned brigands'. He endorses Voltaire's description of Charles as 'the only person in history who was free from all weakness', and corroborates what Peter the Great is reported to have said at a dinner for Swedish officers after the peace of 1721 that not since the world began had there ever been so perfect a man and hero as Charles.

Reviewers of Naomi Walford's translation of Mr. Bengtsson's book, *The Life of Charles XII**, have been reluctant to see Charles in this light, complaining that Mr. Bengtsson is so obsessed by the virtue and stark, awful courage of his hero that he seems to be unaware of the fact (as one of them puts it) that it was the almost insane egoism of Charles that exposed many thousand men to suffering and death and brought his country to the brink of ruin. My suggestion is that to understand Charles and his career we should regard him neither as a romantic hero nor as an insane egoist but rather as an anachronism, as a throw-back to the heroic age, as the last Viking to lead his men out of the north, sword in hand, whose like was never to be seen again either there or among the kings of Europe.

If we look at the Viking hero of the Icelandic sagas we see that one of his principal characteristics, as of the heroes of heroic ages in general, was an almost complete lack of heroics and of any of the atmosphere of romance, fantasy, and mystery which enveloped the romantic hero of medieval chivalry. The Viking hero was essentially a robust, primitive, and practical person who, for all his love of fighting and adventure, engaged in it because it served practical ends. Although he was an autocrat he did not regard himself as belonging to an exclusive caste, and he had not lost touch with everyday life and simple people. He lived in community with his subordinates, and the authority he possessed derived from his superiority to them as leader and fighter. He was not inhibited by his superstitions, and his belief in the ineluctability of fate and his devotion to personal honour and posthumous renown were practical in the sense that they were dictated by the needs of a simple society in a violent age. Once away from home, the Viking hero was completely dependent on his own resources and enterprise. Although he was wide-travelled he usually had little understanding of more complex societies and felt little need for diplomacy and the exercise of political wisdom. The sword was his best and almost his only argument.

Into this pattern the character and career of Charles XII of Sweden fit with extraordinary fidelity. Throughout his life he was robust, primitive, and practical in the sense that the heroic age was practical; and nothing was more alien to him than heroics or any form of emotional behaviour. His first example and

mentor in this way of life was his spartan and strict Lutheran father, Charles XI. He himself was something of a Viking and he had remained true to the royal tradition set by Gustavus Adolphus that the place of a Swedish king on the battlefield was at the forefront of his troops, sword in hand. At the age of four he had the young Charles removed from the care of women to the society of men, where he was to spend the rest of his life, and not much later he introduced him to the hunting-field. This, the king believed, was an important part of the education of a prince, and he made a careful note of Charles's progress.

He was proud of what he had to record. At the age of ten the boy shot his first wolf and when he was twelve his first bear. Military studies and military history preponderated in his school curriculum, and he was an apt pupil. He also became highly proficient at Latin, and in later life Quintus Curtius's *History of Alexander* was his favourite reading; but he does not seem to have developed any taste for the arts, and belles-lettres played a subordinate role in his life. He is once known to have quoted a line of poetry by the Swedish poet Stiernhielm; and during his exile in Turkey he is said to have highly appreciated reading Racine's *Mithridate*, but he tore up Boileau's *Eighth Satire* because of its disparagement of Alexander.

He was probably as insensitive to beauty as he was to personal convenience. Many stories are told of his indifference to his surroundings, to the clothes he wore, to the food he ate, and to his personal comfort and even cleanliness. According to Voltaire he was worse housed, worse fed, and more meanly dressed than the most junior officer in his army. He

succeeded to his father's throne in 1697 when he was fifteen-and-a-half, and inherited a strong, well-ordered, financially stable kingdom which included Finland and the Eastern Baltic provinces of Ingria, Estonia, and Livonia. Less than two and a half years later Frederik of Denmark, Augustus of Poland, and Peter of Russia decided that the moment had come when they should try to satisfy outstanding grievances with Sweden and their desire for the Swedish possessions in the eastern Baltic. Augustus set the ball rolling by marching his troops into Livonia without any declaration of war.

It is now that Charles's heroic role begins. He put aside for ever the brief interlude of revels which had been occupying him and discovered his gift for leadership and that feeling of community with the less distinguished which are essential to the hero. Henceforth he was wedded to the army and it became, as Mr. Bengtsson puts it 'his obsession, his lust, the only one he allowed himself, and therefore the more devouring'; and the army, too, was wedded to him, not simply because he was king and the supreme representative of a hierarchical order, but because, like the Viking leaders of old, he could do one thing



King Charles XII of Sweden: a portrait by D. von Krafft

supremely better than anyone else; namely, to lead. And although like them he was an autocrat, neither subaltern nor private soldier (as Mr. Bengtsson records) was afraid to speak his mind to the king and even argue with him, and Charles prided himself on his commanding officers of simple birth.

Charles saw his task as leader quite simply. His kingdom and his honour had been attacked; it was therefore his duty to repel his enemies and take revenge on them. And for the rest of his life, the next eighteen years, he pursued this aim remorselessly and, in a sense, pedantically. His campaigns for all their immensity have the rigid and narrow character of a Viking feud, and the quality of his enemies made this rigidity the more unyielding. For, by comparison with Charles, they belonged to a different order of society and conformed to a way of life different from his own; theirs was the eighteenth century and they were thus alien to the heroic age to which he belonged. In contrast to them the hero was incapable of playing a part, of dissimulation, intrigue, or dressing up. Like the Viking hero, his was therefore a man-to-man relationship and his sword was the only means he had of communicating with them.

Charles's successes during the next few years, the rapid capitulation of Frederik of Denmark, the brilliant victory over Peter at Narva, the deposition of Augustus, the Emperor Joseph taken to task, and a visit from Marlborough himself, would have confirmed the rightness of his ways to a lesser man. But Charles stood in no need of such confirmation. He was as unmoved by success as he was later by defeat, and not to have been so would have been out of keeping with the whole order to which he belonged. As the Swedish poet Tegner wrote: 'Unmoved by Fortune's frown or Fortune's favour, He was her master still; he could not yield'. The hero had his honour to defend, his duty to perform, and in a heroic age there were good practical reasons why he should do both these things. Fate would decide whether he succeeded or not. And the *Hávamál* of the Elder Edda taught that the most the hero might hope for was posthumous renown.

The Hero's Star at its Zenith

On August 27, 1707, Charles rode eastward out of Altranstädt in Saxony at the head of an army of over 43,000 men for a final settling of accounts with Peter of Russia. The hero's star was now at its zenith. He was the *gíptumadr* of the Icelandic sagas, the favourite of Fortune for whom all things succeeded, who came unscathed out of the thickest fighting and from whom enemy bullets seemed to be deflected as if by magic. Europe looked on uneasily and expected the speedy annihilation of Peter. 'A hero cannot be helped', says Mr. Bengtsson:

He is doomed by his own nature to help himself. He can help others greatly, from the abundance of his own strength, but the very fact that he is a hero means that he cannot count on any service in return. He remains the strong man, however badly things turn out for him; while those who are helped remain the weak, with a constant sense of needing yet more aid and support. At the crisis the strong man is necessarily alone.

The force of this statement is borne out by what happened to Charles and his armies in the east. There, the essentially individual and lone role of the hero was inappropriate and inadequate to deal with factors of distance, supply, weather, and failure of subordinates.

Fortune, too, had looked the other way, and when Charles lay wounded before the battle of Poltava in 1709, the only help he could look for was gone, and the need of his subordinates rose in proportion to his inability to meet it. The disaster which overwhelmed the Swedes at Poltava revealed all that was anachronistic in the heroic order at that day. Its principle of resistance to all odds of which the leader was the embodiment broke down when the leader could not be actively present; its disbelief in the adequacy of its bodily enemies and in the virtue of any other order had merely become the measure of its failure to keep abreast with events. It succumbed to the greater realism of Peter the Great with his German officers, French muskets, scorched earth, and low view of human nature.

Charles's escape after the battle and his subsequent sojourn in Turkey seem nevertheless particularly apt, as if Fate had decided that the last great hero of the north, having followed the old Varangian trail thus far, should there perform a deed as

classic of its kind as any recorded by the saga writer. The celebrated affray at Bender, where Charles had set up his headquarters, was an isolated incident in five years of boredom, intrigue, and hopes raised and dashed. Its resemblance to a favourite incident and commonplace of adventure in the heroic literature of the saga age is startling. Besieged in his house by Turkish artillery and janissaries, Charles and a few of his followers defended this narrow place to the last against all odds in a manner reminiscent of the death of Gunnar, the burning of Njal, the last fight of Grettir at Drangey, until, burnt out and singed, those who had not succumbed were overpowered by the sheer weight of numbers.

A Character Larger than Life

Charles's life and career partake of the larger-than-life character of the lives of the heroes of the sagas and heroic legends of the north, and when he died in 1718, besieging the fortress of Fredrikshald in Norway, 'a whole new age began better suited', as Mr. Bengtsson says, 'to the stature of ordinary men than the era that was ended'. Yet outwardly there was nothing larger than life about Charles. A contemporary narrator who was present when Charles and Augustus dined together at Altranstädt described Augustus as a 'handsome knight' and 'the gallantest cavalier that could be found'; while Charles, by contrast, seemed to him like 'a peasant-lad new-listed who . . . kept his eyes downcast with rustic shyness'. An ancient Lithuanian lady remembered him ninety-nine years later and described him as being 'as gentle as a lamb and as shy as a nun'. The austerity and simplicity of his life were a by-word, and the regularity with which he performed his religious devotions caused the Turks to call him 'a true Mussulman'. They called him also 'Iron-Head', sensing, no doubt, something unbreakable in him. But for all this good report he was not without Viking harshness, and on at least one occasion he seems to have behaved with typical Viking brutality. 'He was the very opposite of an adventurer', says Mr. Bengtsson. Yet, like the farmer heroes of the Icelandic sagas, whose simplicity he shared, he was ready in a moment to hazard his life for duty and honour.

But in the end, for all his heroic virtue, Charles brought nothing but disaster to his country. Of the great army which had marched out of Altranstädt few survived the bullets, sickness, famine, or the long years of Siberian imprisonment. The Baltic provinces were lost for ever, and Swedish power never recovered.

But in this, too, history was repeating itself. Jordanes had called Scandinavia the womb of peoples; Frederick of Prussia was to compare it with the 'land of Pharasmanes, breeding nothing but iron and soldiers'. From it the Goths were the first to leave. Centuries later they were followed by Rurik and Ingvar the Far-Travelled, and the founders of Kiev and the Russian state. Harald Hardrade passed that way to captain his compatriots in the Byzantine Emperor's Varangian guard. But in the end none of it endured. The Vikings were assimilated in the East and in the West, and the North was left emptied of personal eminence. It was the age of heroism and brief glory, and a gold-mine for the saga writer and the ballad-monger. The decline of Viking empires revealed, as Sir Thomas Kendrick has put it, that they were not 'a stately and stable advance, but a sickly capricious thing, a triumph not of political sense, but merely of audacity, enthusiasm, and lust'.

Ephemeral Glory

Charles's glory was equally ephemeral, he left his country equally destitute, and for much the same reasons. His long sword, simple tunic, and wigless head were symbols of another age, as anachronistic as the Viking long-ships became. Had Charles possessed the least amount of political sense he could have brought great benefits to his country instead of great disaster. But he was no more a political animal than his Viking predecessors. The roles of hero and politician were incompatible.

—Third Programme

The Saga of King Heidrek the Wise is the latest volume to appear in the Nelson's Icelandic Texts series (Nelson, 35s.). This has been edited and translated by Christopher Tolkien, who is Lecturer in Old English at New College, Oxford.



Opening up a new field

It's an early start, and the boss is in charge (that's his hand on the gatepost). The gate swings back, and tractor and plough and harrow take over. In due time, in will go the good seed and with it 'down the spout' something new in the farming world — 'Shell No. 1'. 'Shell No. 1' opens up a new field in the formulation of compound fertilisers. With its 50% nutrients (17-11-22) 'Shell No. 1' is the most concentrated granulated compound on the market. Greater concentration means bigger savings in handling costs and storage space, with lower application rates. The plant food ratio (1½:1:2) is sound economics and brings lower costs per

acre. Shell Chemical service to agriculture is comprehensive — insecticides, weed killers, fungicides, seed dressings (both liquid and dry), soil fumigants, 'Nitra-Shell' top-dressing and now Shell No. 1 Compound Fertiliser, all playing a *significant* part in creating high crop yields. Finally, working closely with the farmer, there is Shell Technical Service, a practical aid freely rendered. If farming is your business, Shell Chemicals can do much to help you. Talk things over with your local Shell Chemical Distributor, or write to the Advertising Manager, Shell Chemical Company Limited, 29-30 Old Burlington Street, London, W.1.

SHELL CHEMICALS



... serving the farmer

In the Owen Organisation we serve not only the farmer, but agricultural industry in its widest sense.

We manufacture for the World's leading agricultural manufacturing companies; and we design, make, and market a vast range of tillage equipment, loaders, manure distributors, trailers and even complete cowhouses and cattle market installations. This is yet another facet of the Owen Organisation which serves all industries of the Globe.



THE OWEN ORGANISATION



A LINKED FAMILY OF FORTY SIX COMPANIES

May we send you our Brochure?

Subsidiary and Associated Companies—J. W. BAKER & CO. LTD. • BENTLEY HALL BRICK CO. LTD. • J. E. BRASSEY & SON LTD. • W. BREALEY & CO. LTD. • THE BROOKE TOOL MANUFACTURING CO. LTD. • E. CAMELINAT & CO. LTD. • CASTRA ELECTRIC WASHING MACHINE CO. LTD. • CENTRAL PATTERN MAKING CO. LTD. • CHAINS LTD. • CHARLES CLARK & SON LTD. • CHARLES CLARK & SON (STAFFORD) LTD. • CONVEYANCER FORK TRUCKS LTD. • CONVEYANCER FORK TRUCKS (AUSTRALIA) PTY. LTD. • DENFORDS ENGINEERING CO. LTD. • EASICLENE PORCELAIN-ENAMEL (1938) LTD. • ELECTRO-HYDRAULICS LTD. • ELECTRO-HYDRAULICS (CANADA) LTD. • GASEL LTD. • GASEL APPLIANCES LTD. • W. GWENNAP (AGRICULTURAL) LTD. • T. S. HARRISON & SONS LTD. • C. & L. HILL LTD. • C. & L. HILL (DIE CASTINGS) LTD. • HILL ALZEN (SALES) LTD. • HUDSON BROWN LTD. • INVICTA ELECTRODES LTD. • LEABANK OFFICE EQUIPMENT LTD. • MAHINDRA OWEN PRIVATE LTD. • MECHANAIR (R.O.) LTD. • MOTOR PANELS (COVENTRY) LTD. • NUTS & BOLTS (DARLSTON) LTD. • QUAY ENGINEERING CO. • ROGERS & JACKSON LTD. • RUBERY OWEN & CO. LTD. • RUBERY OWEN CANADA LTD. • RUBERY OWEN KEPSTON LTD. • RUBERY OWEN & KEMSLEY PTY. LTD. • RUBERY OWEN (HEATING) LTD. • RUBERY OWEN & SCOTT (S.A.) LTD. • RUBERY OWEN (WARRINGTON) LTD. • SALOPIAN ENGINEERS LTD. • SHORROCK SUPERCHARGERS LTD. • SHUKER & SON (SHREWSBURY) LTD. • A. G. SUTHERLAND LTD. • R. & J. WREXHAM (WHOLESALE) LTD. • A. WARDEN & CO. LTD.

THE OWEN ORGANISATION, KENT HOUSE, MARKET PLACE, LONDON W.1.

Telephone: MUSeum 8901

Anglo-Saxon Platitudes

(concluded from page 404)

retain the sole responsibility to decide what communications within the Civil Service it would be against the public interest to disclose to a judge. There is no clear evidence to support this view. It is a curious feature of our political vocabulary that the phrase 'public interest' turns up most frequently in situations where the public is not going to be allowed to have any interest—just as the assertion by ministers that they must take responsibility for something has come to imply that they are probably not going to answer any more questions about it.

It is not surprising, therefore, that post-war proposals that the House of Commons should be provided with a specialist committee system which would allow more opportunity for continuous inquiry into the work of ministers and their departments have always been resisted. The form for this is now fairly standardized. A select committee is set up to report on the desirability of reform. A committee scheme hedged about by safeguards is submitted to it. The Leader of the House, the Government Chief Whip, and the Leader of the Opposition (they are all interchangeable for this purpose) then appear and give their evidence based upon many years of experience in parliamentary matters. They recite propositions of the following kind.

'Governments Must Govern'

'Governments', they say, 'must govern'. Ministers have many calls on their time. The proposed scheme would be an innovation of a kind for which there is no precedent. If there are precedents they are distinguishable in principle from the present suggestion. Committees organized on a departmental basis would imagine that they had the right to make policy. They would lead to alien practices with which we are all, at a distance luckily, familiar. To quote the recent evidence of the Leader of the House to the select committee: 'It might well be that such a scheme would confound the French and American systems'. In its admirably judged subordination of specific content to general effect, that statement could hardly be bettered. It completely sidesteps the task of deciding what is possible within the British framework, or of discounting those features of foreign legislative behaviour which are connected with an entirely different constitutional situation such as the separation of powers or the absence of a stable party situation and government majority.

In fact the scheme which was rejected in 1959 merely envisaged a single committee of about twenty or thirty members to operate in the field of colonial affairs and hold small specialized debates with the minister. Foreign affairs too has often been suggested as a suitable subject for such a committee, whose powers might be restricted to keeping themselves informed of departmental operations and drawing the House's attention by resolution to specific matters where necessary. A committee of this type would obviously not control policy except by any moral or logical force which it might be able to bring to bear. Ministers might be occasionally embarrassed and given a harder time of it than they get in the course of snap question and answer from a prepared brief at question time in the House. But why not?

Much interest is currently being shown in the Scandinavian Ombudsman and his inquisitory functions. But there is no reason why Parliament in this country should not take its job as the grand inquest of the nation seriously and organize one or more specialist committees to receive and sift complaints about the operations of government departments. They could be given power to require the attendance of civil servants and to report to the House if unsatisfactory replies were received, rather as the committee which scrutinizes delegated legislation does over a narrower field. If the House can scrutinize a minister's exercise of his legislative powers there is no fundamental reason why it should not do the same for 'unusual or unexpected use' of his administrative powers.

One further job for a specialist committee is increasingly to be seen in that area of governmental activity which is to do with defence. We still pay lip service to the constitutional rule that each departmental minister is accountable to parliament and that if

serious maladministration occurs there is an obligation on the responsible minister to resign. But this rule at least implies that it should be discoverable whether there has been maladministration or not. There are obviously considerable difficulties about this when the relevant arguments and decisions cannot for security reasons be exposed and discussed. Oppositions may demand inquiry if they suspect that waste and inefficiency have occurred, but the same security arguments are, and have been recently, advanced as a reason for the impossibility of any such inquisition.

Without making any judgment about the present defence situation, it is at least possible to conceive that ministers might allow waste and maladministration to occur in this area. Suppose for the sake of hypothesis that this had, in fact, happened. We are forced by implication to acknowledge that the principal convention of the constitution cannot properly be applied to what is in many respects the most important field of policy there is. Ministers, in other words, have *carte blanche* here to be as irresponsible as they like without any possibility of incurring the sanction of resignation which the constitution allegedly lays down as the penalty for misbehaviour.

At least some content might be given to the motion of accountability by a Commons committee on defence. In the United States, which does not share the benefits of what we choose to call responsible cabinet government, cabinet officers and the administration are in one sense made much more accountable through the explanations which they give to committees of Congress. Compare the recent inquisitions into the facts of the U-2 episode with what would have been possible in the House of Commons. The Commons, in fact, suffer the indignities of the Separation of Powers without its emoluments. And when back-benchers suggest moderate forms of amelioration for their plight they are expected to console themselves for the rejection of their ideas with the thought that ministerial responsibility conceived as a concentration of cabinet power is the 'efficient secret' of the British Constitution. Are they to be blamed if they attach a different adjective from Bagehot? We constantly tell ourselves that our constitution is a flexible one. On the evidence of the last twenty years that seems to be a somewhat exaggerated rumour.

—Third Programme

March Verses

There never was a March like this, a spring
That crawled so slowly through the shivering trees.
Beneath my window, tufts of snow that cling,
The dark air swept by rain's insinuations,
And winter lingering.

There never was so chill a spring, the sun
Prising the snowdrops slowly from the snow.
I sit behind my cluttered desk and turn
(Touches of crocus stain the grass below)
My pages, one by one.

I turn my thoughts like pages, but the grey
Weather has clogged my veins, and nothing flows.
The sluggish light hangs heavily all day.
My verse is choked with intellect, and shows
The mind's and spring's delay.

And not until the sunshine hurts my eyes,
The weather melts, the beech is drenched in leaves,
Will the blood stir and slowly realize
That thought is like the seasons and revives,
And summer a surprise.

LAURENCE LERNER

B.B.C. NEWS HEADLINES

September 7-13

Wednesday, September 7

The T.U.C. conference debates defence

The Lower House of the Congolese Parliament votes both against President Kasavubu's dismissal of Mr. Lumumba and against Mr. Lumumba's dismissal of President Kasavubu

Thursday, September 8

Mr. Lumumba, after obtaining a vote of confidence in the Upper House of the Congolese Parliament, demands the withdrawal of all U.N. forces from the Congo

Government representatives of British and American civil aviation, meeting in London, agree in principle on co-operation in developing a supersonic transport aircraft

The names are announced of the members of the committee who, under the chairmanship of Sir Harry Pilkington, are to consider the future of broadcasting services

Friday, September 9

Mr. Lumumba sends troops into the province of Katanga

The Western Powers agree on counter-measures against travel restrictions imposed by East Germans

The T.U.C. conference ends

Saturday, September 10

The United States requests Mr. Khrushchev not to leave Manhattan Island while he is in New York for the U.N. General Assembly

In Liverpool 1,700 seamen on unofficial strike vote to stay out

Sunday, September 11

Ghanaian troops of the United Nations foil a personal attempt by Mr. Lumumba to seize the Leopoldville radio station

The closing ceremony of the 1960 Olympic Games takes place in Rome

Monday, September 12

Two rival Congolese delegations fly to New York to attend emergency session of U.N. Security Council

The Bishop of Johannesburg, Dr. Ambrose Reeves, is deported from South Africa

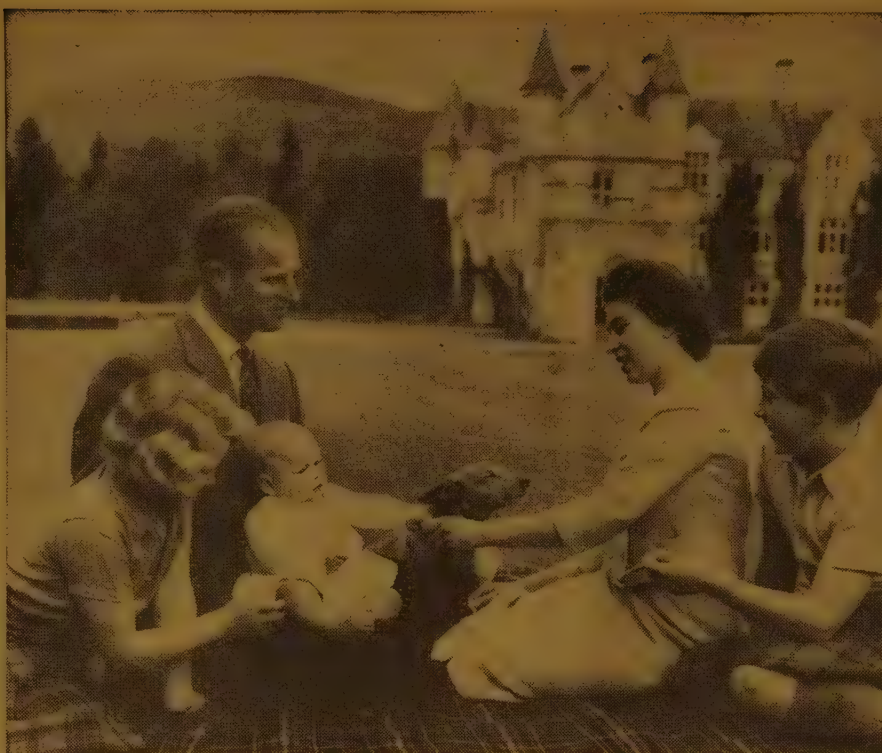
Tuesday, September 13

The U.N. command in the Congo reopens the airports to peaceful traffic

A Minister in the Congolese Government opposing Mr. Lumumba says in a broadcast that this government is determined to arrest him

President Nkrumah says he will withdraw his troops from the U.N. command unless Mr. Lumumba is allowed to use Leopoldville radio station

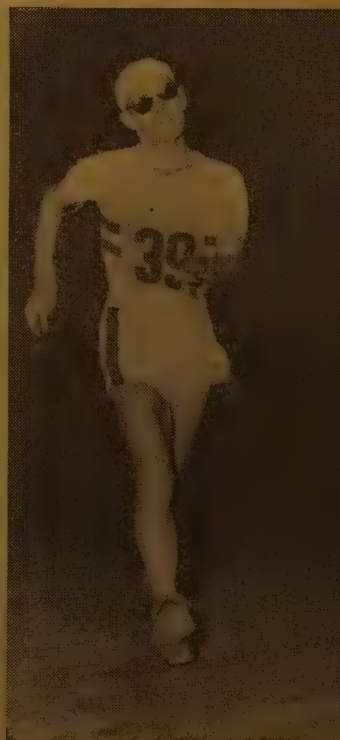
The Minister of Housing sees two groups of M.P.s about rents

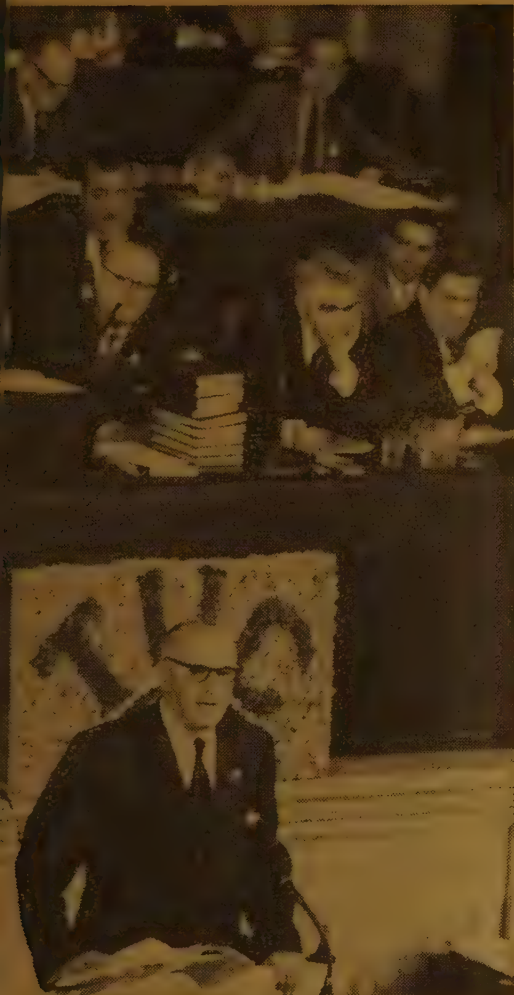


The Royal Family on holiday: a photograph taken last week at Balmoral of the Queen, the Duke of Edinburgh, and their children, Princess Anne, Prince Andrew, and the Prince of Wales



Summer comes late to Britain: Brighton beach last Sunday when the temperature rose to the seventies in the southern part of the country



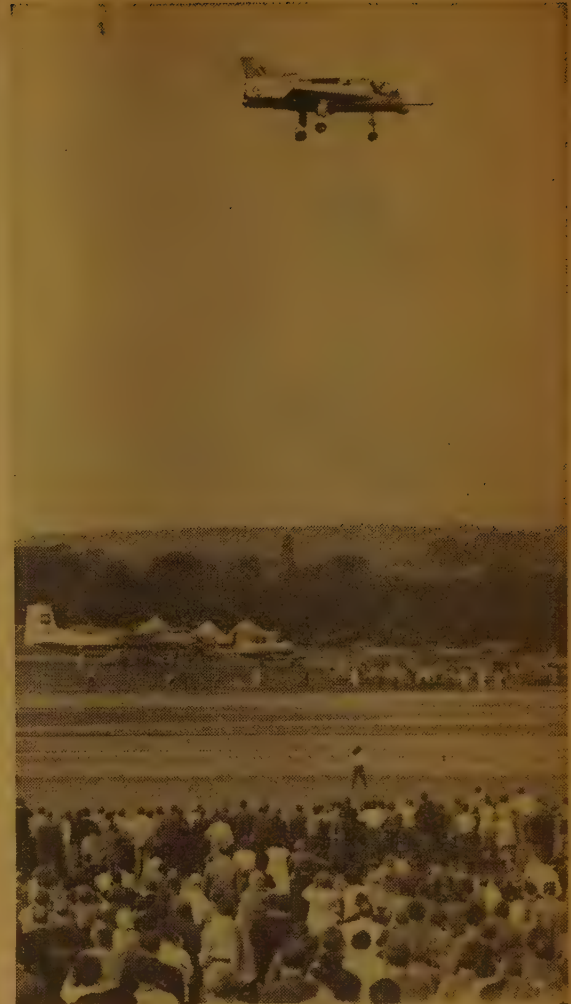


Mr. Frank Cousins, General Secretary of the Transport and General Workers' Union, addressing the conference of the Trades Union Congress at Douglas, Isle of Man, last week. After the debate on defence on September 7, the official policy of the T.U.C. and the Labour Party, Mr. Cousins's resolution rejecting nuclear warfare, was both approved. *Inset:* Mr. William Carron, President of the Amalgamated Engineering Union, which voted for both resolutions



Aircraft old and new: *above*, two schoolboys examining a 'Gladiator' fighter which was in service at the beginning of the second German war. It is one of the aircraft exhibited this week on Horse Guards Parade, London, to mark the twentieth anniversary of the Battle of Britain

Right: The S.C.1, manufactured by Short Brothers and Harland of Belfast, which can take off and land vertically, being demonstrated at the Farnborough Air Show last weekend



Three athletes who won gold medals during the last week of the Olympic Games: *above*, Bikila Abebe of Ethiopia arriving barefooted at the Arch of Constantine to win the marathon on September 10. *Far left:* D. J. Thompson of Great Britain nearing the end of the 50 kilometres walk which he won on September 7. *Left:* Hab Elliott of Australia winning the 1500 metres race on September 6



Anna Mary Moses, 'Grandma Moses', the American 'primitive' artist, who celebrated her hundredth birthday in New York on September 7. She took up painting at the age of seventy-seven when she became too old to do farm work. Her pictures, which are said to number nearly 2,000, have been widely exhibited in the United States and Europe



**Savers large and savers small—
Abbey National serves them all**

We welcome investments of any sum from £1 to £5,000.

The return is good—at present, $3\frac{1}{2}\%$ per annum

with income tax paid by the Society.

This represents £5.14.3 per cent when income tax
is paid at the standard rate.

Deposits in this Society are Trustee Investments.

ABBEX NATIONAL

Abbey House Baker Street London NW1

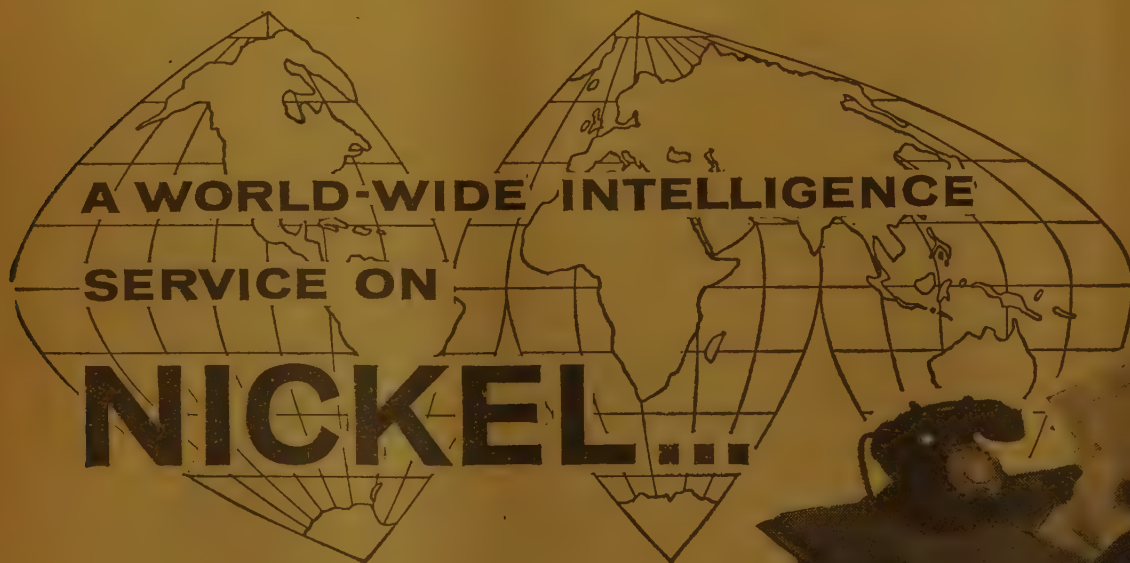


Building Society

ASSETS EXCEED £347,000,000

Member of The Building Societies Association

C783



... is provided by our Research and Development staff,
whose collective experience of nickel and its alloys
is available to engineers, designers, foundrymen and
all progressive men in industry.

This service is supplemented by the many publications
dealing with properties, working instructions and
applications which we offer, free of charge.



THE MOND NICKEL COMPANY LIMITED
THAMES HOUSE · MILLBANK · LONDON · SW1



Send for a specimen copy of
THE NICKEL BULLETIN, and a list
of our publications.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

OCCUPATION _____



LJMP35/9

TGA MP35

Letters to the Editor

The Irresponsible Society

Sir,—Both Sir John Benn of the United Kingdom Provident Institution and Mr. Nixon raise some interesting questions on my Third Programme talk published in *THE LISTENER* of August 11. I sympathize with Mr. Nixon in his desire for facts about the extent and causes of 'poverty' in Britain today. Regrettably, no effort has been made by the Government in the past ten years to ascertain and publish the facts. We do not even know on what basis National Assistance scales at present are fixed. The private research worker has, therefore, to make do with rough estimates from a variety of sources. The figures I used ('there may be some seven to eight million people today living precariously close to the margins of poverty') were based on estimates made by Mr. Peter Townsend and reported in summary form in *Conviction* (edited by Mr. N. Mackenzie and published in 1958).

Mr. Nixon will, I am sure, appreciate that it is not possible to give in a broadcast talk chapter and verse in support of broad generalizations. Perhaps I should have mentioned that this talk was a much abridged version of a longer (and documented) essay published by the Fabian Society under the same title. I would also refer Sir John Benn to this pamphlet, for I quote there some of the evidence which led me to criticize the insurance industry as a whole and not Sir John's company in particular. Insurance companies and trusts in their role as investors now dominate the City. Immense power for good or ill is now concentrated in these corporations. Increasingly, and with Government encouragement, the savings of the community are being channelled into their hands. Yet the industry as a whole publishes virtually nothing about how this power is exercised. Should we be content simply to rely on well-intentioned assurances that decisions vital to the community are made 'with a very real sense of responsibility' and with due regard to 'the satisfaction of social needs'? Or should we ask for evidence?

Even Mr. Arthur Seldon in a booklet published by the Institute of Economic Affairs—which, incidentally, demands the abolition of the present system of social security in Britain, proposes direct charges for all education, libraries, medical care and other social services, and praises the 'more perfect' private insurance market—is forced to say 'it may become difficult for the life offices in the next few years to avoid holding 20 or 30 per cent. of the equity of a growing number of companies. Some method of keeping an eye on events may become imperative'. In the United States, where insurance companies are relatively far less powerful than in Britain in terms of the ownership of industrial assets, much more is known about the policies, activities and administration of insurance companies and pension trusts. Public control and supervision is increasingly being exercised by a number of Federal and State agencies, partly as a result of the disclosure of defects in the administration of funds, the payment of excessive premiums, some very dubious self-serving investments of pension funds by employers, seriously misleading in-

formation about pension benefits and other evidence of irresponsibility.

Sir John's company may be furnishing full and detailed information on investment policies and other matters to its policy-holders and pensioners of the future. The insurance industry as a whole is not. Yet it is now responsible for investing nearly £500 million a year. If these funds (or a substantial part of them) are held on trust for future beneficiaries—if they do not 'belong' to the insurance corporations—then to whom do they belong? And who is entitled to ask how this trust is being exercised? Insurance companies must not complain of being attacked for irresponsibility so long as they withhold from the public information which, in the last resort, is one of the safeguards of the liberty of the subject. If the values of our society are to survive, we must continue to expect great things of those with great power.

Yours, etc.,

London, W.3 RICHARD M. TITMUSS

This Scientific Babel

Sir,—By and large I agree with Mr. Magnus Pyke's criticism of the unintelligibility of many scientific idioms (*THE LISTENER*, September 8). But I think he goes too far in finding it outrageous that 'plasma' means something different to a biologist and a physicist. It is part of the richness of the English language that one word can have different meanings, and particularly as *termini technici* of different crafts, professions, and vocations.

'Mitre' is something entirely different to a bishop and to a framemaker. And a 'record' is not the same, if pronounced in a gramophone-shop or at Somerset House.—Yours, etc.,

London, S.W.7 VICTOR BLOCH

Sir,—Mr. Magnus Pyke in his talk (*THE LISTENER*, September 8) suggests that it is going to be difficult for the interpreter of scientific developments to dramatize the issues sufficiently to make good box-office. Yet it is really true that a modern Tower of Babel is being built 'where the people outside cannot understand the people inside and the scientists inside cannot understand each other'?

To at least one observer at the British Association it seemed that a number of papers, some excellently written and delivered, were by no means deliberately obscure. They were followed by many young people with apparent interest. The tone of the main symposium on Food and Population was that of humility before the complexity of the issues involved.

'I hope you won't find it's all school science', said a thirteen-year-old girl to grown-ups leaving for Cardiff. Unfortunately she did not see the Science in Schools Exhibition, an indication that mis-teaching is on its way out. Let us hope a later meeting of the Association will concentrate on communication in all its aspects.

Yours, etc.,

London, W.8 PATRICIA HUTCHINS

Science is Social

Sir,—Dr. Buchdahl has admirably voiced the formal philosophical objections to my Pickwick-

ian proposition (in *THE LISTENER* of August 18): 'A scientific truth is a statement that has been publicly accepted by the experts'. Perhaps I should have used some longer, more detailed phrase, like 'An established scientific fact . . . ' or 'What we usually take to be a scientific truth . . . '. I thought I made clear in the rest of my argument that I was not professing a pragmatic, or any other, doctrine about the nature and meaning of 'Truth'. That is a job for the professional epistemologists; let no one stand between them and their difficult task.

All that I was after was some sort of generalization about scientific research that might distinguish it from, say, the work of a poet, or a preacher, or a police detective, or a motor mechanic. Material evidence and logic, experiment and verification, intuition and hypothesis, all play their part, but merely putting these together to the n -th power in m individuals did not produce the Quantum Theory or our understanding of the structure of nucleoprotein. Scientific facts do not seem to me to be more 'true' than many other statements one can make, but they are *special* in the sense that they have been subject to deliberate critical appraisals and not seriously gainsaid.

Actually, Mayer and Waterston beautifully illustrate my thesis. Their papers embodied statements that we now accept, but they were written so obscurely that their contemporaries did not understand them. Indeed, the arguments they used were not at all convincing; it is not surprising that it took the precise logic, experimental accuracy, and lucid exposition of Joule to persuade the scientific world.

But my real intention was to describe this aspect of scientific research as it looks from the inside, and to emphasize the necessary role of publication and criticism. Even when, as usual, we scientists are all wrong, at least we all share the same dream.—Yours, etc.,

Cambridge JOHN ZIMAN

The Olympic Games

Sir,—Watching the direct broadcast and sport reports of the Olympic Games makes one full of admiration for the technical and camera work. But the commentaries have not been of the same standard. Each one has been entirely biased towards the British team.

A runner finishing last is said to be doing well, and excuses for the many failures are at once produced. No suggestion is allowed that the other competitors are fitter, more trained, or simply better at the event. The number of medals won by different countries are frequently compared against all the principles of the Olympic Games. Finally, if comparisons must be made and pride restored it would surely be more equitable to do it on a Commonwealth basis rather than Great Britain alone.—Yours, etc.,

Tidworth G. R. MONCKTON

A Traveller in Czechoslovakia

Sir,—May I make a correction to Mr. Evans's correction about the Charles Bridge? Mr. V. S. Pritchett did not italianize it; he hispanized it.

Yours, etc.,
Cheltenham ROBERT CAPFYN

'Tonight'

By MICHAEL WALL

WHEN someone attempts to write the history of B.B.C. television, September 22, 1955, is a date that will be a turning point in his story. On that evening Independent Television started broadcasting, and from then on the Corporation no longer had the field to itself. But for another reason the historian should mark this date. At 7.20 p.m. in a small presentation studio the Talks Department launched a new series which it called 'Highlight'. For ten minutes each night viewers watched three people being interviewed. This in itself was not important; but looking back it can be seen that it was a significant moment. 'Highlight' not only developed a new technique in presenting people to people through television but it brought together a remarkable team of men and women and provided the germ from which 'Tonight' was evolved.

It is impossible not to refer to the men and women responsible for 'Tonight' as a team. Under the lead of Donald Baverstock, the present Editor, they became bound together by an intense loyalty to the programme and to the ideas behind it. During the time the programme first went out from a Kensington studio in February 1957 they were in a way apart from the rest of the television departments, and this obviously helped to foster a team spirit; but even now, when the whole operation is carried out from Lime Grove, 'Tonight' tends to be a little kingdom on its own, proud of its achievement, determined to improve itself and continually seeking to find new ideas, fresh angles of presen-

tation, and faster means of getting film shot, edited, and put on the screens. In B.B.C. terms the team is divided into an editor, deputy editor, producers, production assistants, contributors, technicians, and secretaries, but this means very little in practice. When the programme is being planned during the day whoever happens to be there throws in suggestions, and no matter from whom it comes, if the idea is good, Baverstock will use it. To the outsider it may seem a chaotic way of working, but it is the way to keep a group of people together and the way to keep a programme lively.

'Tonight' has cause to be proud of itself. During its first months it was watched by 2,225,000; at the end of its first year, when it moved to 6.15 p.m., by another 500,000; by the winter of 1958-59, when the time was 6.45 p.m., 6,750,000 were viewing, and this year the figure reached 7,500,000. When the programme started its summer holiday on July 15 more than 700 miles of film had been shot, 10,000 people had been interviewed, and 'Tonight' had run for the equivalent of forty years of any fortnightly programme. Its success has been due as much to the idea behind the programme as to the appeal of the men who actually appear to do the work before the cameras.

'The whole concept of the programme', it was explained to me, 'is that it should be on the side of the audience. It must look at people and events as ordinary people look at them, and take the attitude and ask the questions that ordinary people would. At no time must you ask a question that is out of sympathy with



Here and on the following page are five interviewers who have appeared regularly in 'Tonight': above, left, Cliff Michelson in the studio with a contributor to the programme

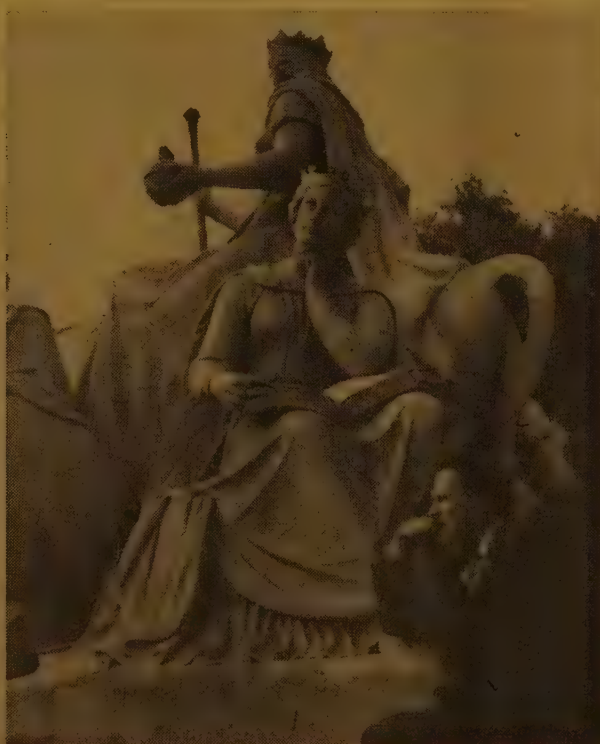
the viewing public, or give the impression that you are in any way superior'. 'Tonight' sets out to be classless; it determinedly eschews the coterie and the fashionable line; it tries hard not to be pompous; it wants to be humane. Baverstock puts it this way: 'When I am at my most ordinary what questions come to my mind? I must assume that ordinary people are interested in other people and in events but that they are as impatient with the patronizing attitude as with the fatuous question'. He assumes, too, that one can be bored with the news, and there-

fore he approaches people and stories looking for a new angle or for the point that has been missed by others—particularly journalists. He does not like the word 'topical' and does not feel bound to follow up the lead stories in the day's press. Unless he feels that he can bring some fresh illumination to the story he will leave it alone. He is not, he says, trying to compete with the newspapers. 'Tonight' sets out to be relevant rather than topical; it is also intended to provide entertainment.

The atmosphere of casualness and friendliness, which was aimed at from the start for practical reasons, has a further importance. 'Only if you do things regularly can you achieve competence on the screen', says the present Editor. 'Television depends on relieving tension in its audience. If you look shiftily, if you miff it, if you appear



Alan Whicker with a pier dweller at Brighton



Derek Hart during filming by the Albert Memorial

DESERVEDLY THE MOST EXPENSIVE ELECTRIC RAZOR IN THE WORLD

It is the best

It is not uncommon for men of perfectionist inclination to try and reject dry shaving, admitting to its ease but faulting the result.

Confidently, we offer to such persons the Kobler Triplex.

The three cutting heads of the Kobler Triplex are hand-ground into their comb housing. They are not pressings but precisely formed steel units which, so fine is their marriage, are not even interchangeable amongst themselves. Larger shaving heads are now fitted to the Kobler Triplex. The use of a new steel alloy permits finer grinding of the combs; the blades are nearer the surface; the shave is closer and faster than before. In addition, the central head is raised and all three are curved along their length. This tautens the skin so that the beard stands erect. Nothing escapes.

Opinions differ as to whether the closeness of a shave depends upon the speed of the shaving action. We support the view that, as a beard is not a regular thing, a degree of speed variation is necessary. A simple control on the Kobler Triplex provides this regulation. You can, as it were, set a fine fast pace for the broad meadows of the cheeks, then a more deliberate tempo for the tricky going about the upper lip. And achieve perfection.

There are other considerations of course. Since the Kobler Triplex is intended for top and travelled people, it will perform immaculately on any current; it travels easily in its handsome pig-skin wallet; it has ample flex and a reassuring heft in

your hand. The Kobler Triplex is a fine piece of electrical engineering (a jewel, if you are knowing in these matters).

The Kobler Triplex will shave you extremely well. None more closely or more comfortably. It will satisfy you on the first day, surprise you on the second, and become a possession as prized as your watch. It is Swiss.

If your Kobler Triplex should ever need attention, this is abundantly provided. The Kobler Service Centre in the Piccadilly Arcade, London, S.W.1 exists solely for the purpose of servicing these razors swiftly and correctly.

A Kobler Triplex costs £15.0.6, which is about £4.0.0 more than any other razor available. But if you consider the value rather than the price, you can only be surprised that this is not higher.

Diligence or a postcard will lead you to a Kobler Triplex. Being relatively new to this country, and the costly instruments they are, Kobler Triplex razors are not to be found everywhere.

Enquire at a good store, chemist, hairdresser or electrical dealer. Or write to us and we will arrange to have your need answered. You will be very glad that you did.



Is peace of mind worth 14 guineas a year?

14 guineas in a year works out at about 5/8 each week. Very little, isn't it? Yet, peace of mind for 5/8 a week is exactly what the Hospital Service Plan offers you. No lurking dread of excessive bills for private treatment in hospital, nursing home, or at home for you or your family. 14 guineas provides up to £500 each in any one year to cover such bills. For larger subscriptions coverage goes up to £950 year each.

The Hospital Service Plan operates on a non-profit-making basis, and is governed by a Council of Management drawn from the Medical profession and Hospital World. The Plan is realistically laid out and has variations to cover categories from the single individual to groups of ten or more. There are also schemes for school children and students. Anyone under 65 can apply for membership. Have all the details to hand. Fill in the coupon below and post it off today.



THE HOSPITAL SERVICE PLAN

Dept. L2

157 St. John's Road, Tunbridge Wells Kent,
Telephone: Tunbridge Wells 23381/5

Please send full details of coverage for:—

- (A) Individual and Dependents
- (B) Group Scheme Arrangements
- (C) Special Schemes for School Pupils and College or University Students

☐
☐
☐

Name

Address

Dept. L2

Kobler TRIPLEX

You are invited to apply to the Kobler Service Centre,
17 Piccadilly Arcade, S.W.1 for the address of your nearest stockist.

not to know what to do or say next, the viewer is annoyed and communication is interrupted. If you are relaxed—and you can't be relaxed in front of the cameras if you appear only once or twice a year—then you can appear as a person'. Other than the news readers, the 'Tonight' reporters are seen more often on television than anyone, but familiarity alone is not enough to ensure acceptance by the public. If there is an attribute common to them it would appear to be that each comes over as a real person. As someone remarked recently in the 'Tonight' office, the secret is to learn to take off the make-up and be yourself. This Michelmores, Hart, Whicker, Hastings, Robertson, and the others have achieved. They give the impression of being completely at home wherever they are and with whomever they are talking and of being absolutely confident in what they are doing. Michelmores, who acts as the link-man, introducing the items and also interviewing, has been described as 'the national husband-figure'. The chubby, smiling, bespectacled face, the pleasant voice, the friendly, helpful manner, the chuckle, and the absence of irritating mannerisms make him the sort of person anyone would like to have around the house. Hart's interviewing is lively and informed but never unkind, although with the oddities that 'Tonight' manages to find the opportunities are there. Whicker, travelling the country and the world, never flags. He puts over a story with a conviction and enthusiasm that almost leaves the viewer breathless. But behind the apparent ease with which the reporters go about their jobs there has been, and is, a great deal of thought and frantic work.

Part of the team is always away filming stories, ideas for which may have come from local newspapers, from the 300 suggestions a month received from viewers, or from the team. Or they are covering events of national or international importance. 'Tonight' is not parochial, and there are few countries in the Western hemisphere that have not had 'Tonight' reporters, directors, and cameramen touring. For example, Whicker has been round and about Italy, and Philpott has been reporting on German industry. When the film is back it is watched by Baverstock and the rest of the team at the daily sessions in the cinema; suggestions are made about cutting, about commentaries and music for silent sequences; some of it will appear that same evening. 'When everything has been done to it that is needed, we bung it on', the Editor says; but he demands a high standard, and in fact it does not go on unless, in his opinion, it is first rate. If it is bad, he will say so aloud. He leaves no one in any doubt about his opinion of their work. The film-watching sessions are noisy and hilarious but during them the evening's programme begins to take shape.

In the mornings the Editor will have only a vague outline of what he will use that day. The team begin work soon after 9 a.m. The daily press is read, and a camera story may emerge for shooting and using that day. A new appointment to the Académie Française could lead to a dozen telephone calls to trace a man who can talk well and amusingly about the Académie; the

night'; and then there is the post-mortem. The early formula for 'Tonight' proved successful and has been retained. The changes that have come about have been in the main evolutions. The team knows its job and does it in a tenth of the time it took three years ago; the programme is more professional and muffs are fewer. Ideas have been used for a time and

dropped. For instance, the girl singers were taken out and the daily, topical calypso was discontinued: Slim Hewitt's racy commentaries were added after he had been heard explaining his own film; the camera work has consistently improved, and now good film sequences are often allowed to speak for themselves. Baverstock considers that if the early programmes were seen again they would appear very amateurish against what he is doing today. If 'Tonight' is still being broadcast three years from now he will be saying the same about this year's output.

There seems no good reason why the programme should ever end; but it is an exhausting and demanding job and, although each member of the team gives the impression that he or she would rather be doing this than anything else in the world, one wonders how long they can go on. A critic recently described 'Tonight' as 'an unpredictable rag-bag'. The regular viewer would probably consider it more like one of those lucky-dips from which one always gets something. Among the people and reports and places which appear night after night and manage to entertain as well as inform there are the gems that charm and delight or even stimulate and excite. But where 'Tonight' never fails is in providing a programme which bears not a trace of the synthetic or the 'phoney'. This, these days, is something that deserves praise and thanksgiving.

The Somerset Maugham Award, of about £500, is given on the strength of the promise of a published work. The winner is required to use the money for a period or periods of foreign travel, not less than three months in all. The closing date for the award is December 31, 1960. Authors must be British subjects by birth (not being nationals of Eire or of any of the British Dominions), ordinarily resident in the United Kingdom, and under the age of thirty-five. They should send to the Society of Authors, 84 Drayton Gardens, London, S.W.10, three copies of a work published at any time before December 31; a list of other published work, if any; details of age, place of birth and normal place of residence; and confirmation that they are British subjects. Poetry, fiction, criticism, biography, history, philosophy, *belles-lettres*, and travel books are all eligible for the award. Dramatic works are not eligible. The judges for 1961 are Walter Allen, Maurice Cranston, and Karl Miller.

Sir Stanley Unwin's successful book *The Truth about Publishing* (Allen and Unwin, 15s.) has now reached its seventh edition; large portions have been rewritten and the rest revised. It is a *vade-mecum* to modern publishing.

Basil Blackwell have published, at 30s., the second volume of Joan Robinson's *Collected Economic Papers* (the first volume appeared in 1951). Mostly written in the last five years, the essays now collected belong to what is sometimes called post-Keynesian economics: some of them are highly scholastic, but others discuss general problems of development under capitalism and socialism.



Macdonald Hastings (centre) during filming in the country



Fyfe Robertson

start of Wimbledon might likewise occasion invitations to two famous tennis players of the past to come and talk about the Wimbledon of their day. It might be a Friday the thirteenth, and a secretary could suggest that a reporter go out and get people to break a small hand-mirror; it is the start of the holiday season—why not a film of the crowds at Waterloo station and a commentary in verse which Tony Jay can turn out brilliantly and quickly. Thus the programme for the evening builds up. The emphasis is always on tonight—but there is tomorrow and the

day after and the day after that.

During the day the reporters who will be in the studio that evening discuss with the directors of their spot how it should be presented and what line should be taken. They meet their guests when they arrive about 5.30 p.m. and go through the procedure with them. In the film department Tony Essex supervises the editing and dubbing, another producer will be writing a commentary, and a reporter, probably Hart, will have to record it. There is a lot to be done and little time. It is a gruelling day, and it does not end until Michelmores says 'Good-night—and the next "Tonight" is tomorrow



ASSES AND ANGELS

By PODALIRIUS

Cleopatra, it is said, bathed herself for beauty's sake in the milk of an ass. Plutarch could have done justice to that bath; but does not, though Cleopatra flits through his pages. And the general theme of the external use of food and drink was worthy of Montaigne or Sir Thomas Browne, though neither seems to have shared my view.

Of all such improprieties the use of beefsteaks for black eyes is the best known. Less credible is the use of neat whisky foot baths to harden the skin on the feet of Scottish hikers.

One need not too curiously enquire into the origins of these various strange usages of food and drink. Before scientific medicine and the pharmaceutical industry, all that people had to hand as medicaments were herbs and the contents of the larder. If something soothed your stomach, it would surely soothe your skin. If it inflamed the one, it might do as much for the other. This might be called A Pathetic Fallacy; but Cayenne pepper nevertheless figures in many anti-rheumatic creams, and rightly so. Moistened oatmeal again is used as the basis of a lady's face pack; and presumably fills out the face as it does the stomach. Also recommended for the face and scalp is yolk of egg with olive oil. One can conjecture how they first came to be so used if one recalls how easily mayonnaise can go awry.

It is women who chiefly practise these simplicities, for it is they who have the care of two of life's greatest and often associated delights—the larder and their own beauty. Better even than to have glimpsed Cleopatra in (or out of) that bath of hers is to observe a beautiful woman emerging from her larder with rudiments of one's next meal. Less pleasing is to watch her emerging with a foodstuff for application to the watcher. As a child, I often with secret scorn witnessed my mother selecting goose fat to rub on my allegedly weak chest. May I now, as a grown-up doctor, make amends? Penicillin was discovered in a laboratory in the world's biggest city; but many many years before its discovery was born, country women were keeping wounds clean by applying mouldy bread to them. How blind we were, we scientists, we men! For the mould was a penicillium, which produces our penicillin, which also keeps wounds clean. How many similar great remedies are lying fallow, each in the mind of some old lady, whom her male peers think merely tiresome when she advises the third jar from the left for her grandson's distemper? "*Misce stultitiam consiliis brevem*" is a good motto for scientists.

* * *

Indeed, Podalirius, many an old "country cure" taken from a well-stocked larder may contain more science and less folly than is generally realised. But food to-day, like everything else, is not quite what it was. Just as appetizing perhaps; but over-cooking and over-processing can often render it deficient in vital nutrients. So, to help bring back its country goodness, try sprinkling a little Bemax on your food each day. It's stabilized wheat germ, pure and simple—the richest natural vitamin-protein-mineral supplement known to man.

THE PROSINGS OF PODALIRIUS. A third and fourth series of selected Podalirius articles are now available in booklet form. Write to the address below for your free copies.

Issued in the interests of the nation's health by
Vitamins Limited (Dept. L.2), Upper Mall, London, W.6



and now

ICELANDIC AIRLINES

announce their

MAYFAIR-NEW YORKER

TOP TOURIST

17 day excursion flights
to New York via Reykjavik

★ AT NO EXTRA CHARGE ★

£114-6-0
RETURN

Effective from Oct. 1st.

1 yr. validity tickets also
available

MAYFAIR-NEW YORKER
London—New York—Return

£144-14-0

CALEDONIAN-NEWYORKER
Glasgow—New York—Return

£132-18-0

**TOP TOURIST
SERVICE INCLUDES**

- ★ Running Buffet Service in flight
- ★ Hot meals in comfortable restaurant at Reykjavik
- ★ Bar Service—Free Spirits—juices etc. on request
- ★ Comfortable seating with special family cabin
- ★ Kiddie Catering—special foods to order
- ★ "Friendly 3"—smiling Hostess Top Personal Service

Fly now pay later and family plan details on request

Write for colourful illustrated brochure



Consult your travel agent but insist:

LOFTLEIDIR, ICELANDIC AIRLINES LTD

45, SOUTH AUDLEY STREET, LONDON, W.1. GROSvenor. 6721/2
62, BUCHANAN STREET, GLASGOW, C.I. CITY 3166/7

Painting of the Month

Titian's 'Diana and Actaeon'

By ELLIS WATERHOUSE

A PUPIL of Titian, the younger Palma, who may have worked in his studio while the 'Dianas' were being painted, in his old age told the Venetian topographer, Boschini, how Titian went about painting his pictures. He would lay in the groundwork of his design in powerful strokes of solid pigment—either of earth red, for the half tones, or white lead; then he picked out the lights with the same brush dipped in red, black, or yellow:

In four strokes he would have laid in a remarkably beautiful figure. Then he placed the picture against the wall, and often left it there for several months before looking at it again. When Titian wanted to work on it, he would examine it very critically, as if it were his mortal enemy, to try to discover possible faults . . . then he would remove some prominence, set an arm straight, and get a foot into the right position. By degrees he would bring his figures to the most perfect arrangement—then he would go on to do the same with another picture.

He put in the finishing touches to his pictures more often with his fingers than with the brush, says Palma. And there is a similar account—a letter from the Spanish Secretary in Venice to the King of Spain, written in August 1559—just before the 'Dianas' were finished. Probably he was quoting something Titian had said to him, and he wrote:

Titian will have perfected the Dianas within twenty days, for they are large and need much work and he wants to complete to his satisfaction certain minute details which no one else would notice in them.

In 1932 the two Dianas were beautifully cleaned by Kennedy North, who made records of a mass of information about the changes in their design which were revealed by X-rays, but unfortunately little of this information has ever been published and North discussed only a few of the chief alterations in a short article he wrote in the *Burlington Magazine* for January 1933. But I was lucky in having had the chance to see these two pictures many times while they were being cleaned, and to have had many talks with him about them. One of the things which most astonished me was how many of the final felicities of the 'Actaeon' were second thoughts and no part of Titian's first intention. The red curtain which hangs behind Actaeon and casts rosy reflections on the pearly bodies of the nymphs, was a second thought; and so was the splendid Negress, Diana's personal maid, at the right edge, who was painted by Titian over a

first white attendant. The lighter tone of a white figure would have failed to close so neatly the magic circle of flickeringly illumined white flesh which makes up the central core of the design. The details of the arch at the left were several times altered: and the square column behind the girl who is wiping Diana's feet was at first round, and could not have supported the deer-skull, the one suggestion of death in the picture,

taneous statements about three things: and the eye and the mind together can take in these three levels of communication at such lightning speed that we at least *seem* to be grasping the three kinds of information at the same moment. These three levels can be called 'narrative', 'form', and 'poetry'. In the 'Actaeon', as often with Titian, the poetry has taken on such a profoundly sensuous tinge that it can almost be equated with sex.

I will try to illustrate what I mean—beginning at the left of the picture with the figure of Actaeon. Actaeon is a young and handsome huntsman. The story is that after a day at the chase he became lost, and found himself in all innocence suddenly intruding upon that secret and sacred spot where Diana and her nymphs were bathing. The narrative part of the picture shows us Actaeon with his quiver on his shoulder and accompanied by his favourite hound. He is astounded at what he sees, and his bow has dropped to the ground while he flings up his hand in surprise. This part of the story is conveyed to us by the accessories—the dog, the quiver, and the bow. It is at this point in our observation that the forms take over. The consternation in the central group of girls (apart from the one who is wiping Diana's feet and has not yet noticed Actaeon) is achieved by a combination of movement of forms in a play of light and shade which makes the pattern one produces by throwing a stone



'Diana and Actaeon', by Titian: on loan to the National Gallery of Scotland from the Earl of Ellesmere

a splendidly poetic touch. One may guess that among those minute details that the ambassador thought 'no one else would notice' in the picture, which Titian added at the last moment, were such things as the miraculous dabs of blue in the Negress's hair, or the rosy flushes on Diana's toes.

Great story-pictures make their first impact with an all-over impression. They transport us into a world of visionary reality much more consistent than the world we live in. The world outside the story in the picture makes no incongruous intrusions. We are Actaeons ourselves, coming suddenly upon something which astonishes and absorbs our whole attention. It is only after the first shock is over that we can look about us and take in the picture and the situation fully. Great paintings operate simultaneously on at least three levels, and one of the big difficulties of talking about pictures, instead of looking at them, is that one cannot talk about three things at the same time. A big advantage of painting over speech is that the painter can make simul-

into a pool. The movement of startled surprise is so powerful that it appears to have set swinging the ancient marble bath in which the girls are bathing their feet.

The third element of communication that affects us simultaneously in this picture is what may be called the poetry of sex. There seems to be a slightly different surface texture for feminine flesh when it is in unharassed repose and when it feels itself observed. The girl who is wiping Diana's toes has not yet noticed Actaeon, and she is painted with a creamy, tranquil texture like a Renoir, while Diana's body has a sort of refined gooseflesh quality caused by the outraged feeling of invasion of her privacy. Only in a picture in which colour and modelling create a specialized texture for every object represented all over the picture are refinements of this kind possible. This is one of the secrets of Titian's great power. It can be seen here in the fabrics—the velvet on which Diana is sitting, the wet cambric with which her feet are being washed, the striped material

which the Negro maid is wearing. The time-worn surface of the marble bath; the water, both where it trickles and where it is still enough to take the reflection of the stag's skull; the coat of Actaeon's hunting dog, and the coat of its absurd antagonist, Diana's lapdog; all these have a specific texture achieved by the beautiful manipulation of paint. The enrichment of language which this gives to Titian can be seen if one compares it with the work of another great master of the nude, Ingres, whose lineal surface allows for no variation of paint texture.

The naked human figure is the central core of the humanist art of the Renaissance. It is not so easy for us, in an age of abstract art, to accept this view, which survived unquestioned until at least the end of the eighteenth century. In 1788, when Goethe was in Rome, at a time when he was making the greatest effort to understand the visual arts, he wrote after careful thought: 'I am now very properly engaged in the study of the human figure, which is the *non plus ultra* of human knowledge and action'. In much of the greatest classical art the human figure is treated dispassionately for its own sake—and we are sometimes inclined to call the result 'cold'. What gives Titian, perhaps more than any other Renaissance painter, his hold over the imagination, is that, for him, the human figure is also the object of desire. For him the ideal human figure is a female figure, beheld and admired and desired by a man.

Stated flatly this is no different from the absurd tradition that the public is supposed to hold about the aims of the average bohemian artist, a part of the silly legend about the 'artistic temperament'. The depths of triviality or vulgarity which such an attitude can produce can be seen in many magazines today. It is only a complete mastery of the language of art—and a dedicated seriousness in the use of that language—which can transmute this attitude into a work of great art. It is of the same order of things as, in the field of literature, produced the Song of Songs. The result is a statement so wise, so unembarrassed, and so universal, that it has the value of a profound moral statement.

Basic Predicaments

The use of ancient stories in this context is a part of Titian's magic. The basic predicaments in which human beings can become involved are not numerous. Perhaps all are equally capable of taking on a heroic colour or of being absurd. Until almost yesterday the best-known secular stories to all Europeans of all countries, who might be expected to look at pictures, were those of classical antiquity. The best of these are told very neatly by Ovid in his *Metamorphoses*. They were the folk-lore of all educated people during the Renaissance—and it was natural that the earliest illustrations to the fable of Actaeon should occur on those painted furniture panels which formed part of the trousseau of a bride. The story has an allusive and light-hearted relevance to the new dangers which attend the married state. But the early Italian treatments of the subject are all frivolous; and how little frivolous Titian's picture is in intention can be seen by looking at its rather terrifying companion in Lord Harewood's collection, in which Actaeon is being torn to pieces by his hounds and an avenging Goddess of more than human stature is drawing her bow. In the other companion, too, where Diana

reproves Callisto, the girl's dying expression of anguish is one of the most moving things in Italian painting. We can guess which is the figure of Callisto among the girls in the 'Actaeon', for she is surely the one, half hidden by the column, who alone looks at Actaeon with the eyes of desire rather than of alarm. This is Act 1 of a tragedy in three acts, which is going to be anything but light-hearted.

It is fascinating to compare these three sombre pictures with the three mythological *poesie* which Titian painted (as companions to a few pictures by other hands) some forty years earlier. The one we know best is the 'Bacchus and Ariadne' in the National Gallery. The others, both at Madrid, are that astonishing omelette of Cupids disporting themselves in a landscape that is called 'The Worship of Venus', and a light-hearted 'Bacchanal', a picnic which has got out of hand. These form a comedy in three acts. In the London picture one might have thought that Ariadne, abandoned by Theseus on the Naxian shore, was a subject provocative of a certain melancholy—everything sad is forgotten at the sudden joyous onrush of the young Bacchus. The 'Bacchus and Ariadne' and the 'Diana and Actaeon' are the opposite poles of the same story. It is the simple story known to the contrivers of movie-plots as 'boy-meets-girl'. In the one it is the boy who is a god—and everything goes right: in the other it is the girl who is a goddess—and everything goes wrong. The rapture which can be provoked by sight is set against the tragedy involved in seeing what one was not meant to see.

The Venetian Tradition

There are several great traditions of painting, as there are of poetry. The Venetian concentrates so much on the pleasures of sight and touch—that is, of colours and texture—that it almost silences the conscious exercise of the intellect, at any rate at first impact, and makes straight for the sub-conscious field where poetry is immediately apprehended. This is why certain painters, such as Reynolds, who have a strong bias towards the pleasures of intellect, have considered the Venetian school as not absolutely of the highest rank, because its methods are what they have called 'decorative'—that is, pleasures of sight and touch and not appealing first to the intellect. That is why Poussin, who at the beginning of his maturity as a painter absorbed the Venetian method, for a time came to mistrust the seductions of colour and texture; he thought they created too much of a general atmosphere of poetic mood and feeling, and too little of a specific intellectual message. It is probable that the Venetian method, as exemplified by Titian, is ill fitted for conveying religious or political truth through the medium of painting. There is something uncomfortable about nearly all Titian's religious paintings. Two of his Venetian contemporaries were great religious painters. Tintoretto found it necessary to add a large dose of Michelangelo and Mannerism to the Venetian formula, and Lotto, who is technically very near to Titian, lapses habitually into grimace and contortion to convey religious or intellectual ideas that he cannot state in terms merely of colour and texture.

Titian, when he could choose his own subjects—as he could with Philip of Spain's pictures—selects those in which seeing is a large part of the

action. There seems always to have been in the human mind a tradition of mystery about what should and what should not be seen. Both in the history of religions and in the history of human relations there have always been mysteries which should not be seen; or only be seen at certain times or in certain states of exaltation, or only by the initiate. And there have been penalties for the uninitiate who, either by accident or design, see what they are not meant to see. This is one of the great perennial themes of tragedy. In the poetry of the ancient world the stories are usually concerned with the danger of seeing a god or goddess in their true form. Semele was consumed by fire for her impertinence in insisting on seeing Jupiter in his true likeness; Psyche suffered the gravest penalties for her curiosity in insisting on seeing Cupid. Both Semele and Psyche committed their imprudence by design. The fate of Actaeon, which was much more horrible than theirs, was more to be pitied since his fault was the result of an innocent accident.

The Great Tragedy of 'Seeing'

Actaeon's story is the great tragedy of 'seeing', and Titian has chosen it for his greatest triumph in a medium which is concerned with 'seeing'. The spectator sees what Actaeon himself does—more than it is allowed for the uninitiate to see. It is a sort of central statement of the power of the Venetian painter in a symbolic form which embraces alike antiquity and modern life. The companion picture, 'The Discovery of Callisto', is an invention of the same kind. The crime here is physical contact rather than sight, and the story is made immensely more moving by being made correlative to the story of Actaeon. I do not believe that, in ancient literature, the stories are bound together, but the moment they are seen to be parts of the same mystery they contrive to orchestrate one another. The third picture of the series, splendid as it is, does not really fit in with the others. Perhaps for that reason it never seems to have been finished, and it certainly never joined the others in Spain.

It may be that I have been fanciful in this attempt to give some explanation of the hold the two 'Dianas' have upon the imagination. Perhaps, by setting out from some other viewpoint altogether, by an analysis of form and colour, which could be undertaken only in front of the pictures themselves, one could give a rational and intellectual justification of their power. For, for all its 'decorative' qualities (as Reynolds would call it), Titian's art has a formidable intellectual basis. But the truth about the Dianas, as it seems to me, is that for some reason or another they are supereminent among Titian's pictures for those qualities which are specially Titianesque. He outdid himself in them: and it is reasonable to suppose that there was something about their subject which gave that special fillip to his genius which enabled him to do so. It is arrogant to suppose we can arrive at more than some shadowy notion of the countless layers of experience and perception, of the countless acts of selection, which have gone to making a great picture in which the content is as rich as the form. But we can at least realize the complex nature of what we are looking at, and a bald statement of the way into the heart of a maze may free the mind and eye to look more closely at the details of the route as we gradually approach the centre.—*Home Service*

Rome's Ancient Churches

By J. N. L. MYRES

THE ANCIENT CHURCHES of Rome possess an unrivalled attraction, not only for the student of Christian origins in the West, but for every visitor with a sense of history, or an eye for the significant or the beautiful in architecture. Judged by whatever standard we may apply, by mere numbers, by authentic association with the earliest days of the Faith and with many of its later triumphs and disasters, by architectural interest, by the fascination of mosaics, frescoes, and internal fittings of every kind, by sheer beauty of line, mass, or texture, they form a body of sacred buildings unequalled in the Christian world. Yet although the bare bones of their individual histories can be found summarized in many excellent guide-books or developed at length in separate monographs, there are very few works which attempt to relate these individual stories to one another, whether in terms of religious or historical significance, artistic or architectural development, or as elements in the topography or the landscape of the Eternal City. When he published *Rome et ses vieilles églises* in 1942 Emile Mâle had this need very much in mind. He did not try to give exhaustive accounts of individual buildings, their history or their contents, but to outline in a series of twelve separate studies each significant phase of Rome's history from the fourth to the thirteenth century, and to relate to each the principal churches or parts of churches which illustrate it best.

In this form the book had a deserved success. Its distinguished author had lived long in Rome (he was fourteen years Director of the *Ecole Française*) and he knew and loved both its buildings and its story as only an old and devoted resident can know and love them. Yet its war-time format was of necessity unattractive and it lacked the illustrations essential to provide the less knowledgeable reader with the visual clues necessary to an understanding of the more subtle and detailed points discussed.

It was thus a happy inspiration as well as a proper act of *pietas* on the part of Mr. David Buxton, who (he tells us) arrived first as a resident in Rome on the very day in October 1954 on which Emile Mâle had died, to turn *Rome et ses vieilles églises* into English and to supply it with sixty-four pages of photographic illustrations, most of which (and many of them the finest) are of his own taking.* These photographs alone make this English version of Mâle's book worth while. They cover a wide range of exterior and interior views, many details of mosaics, pavements, sculptures and other decorative elements, and even such imaginative touches as a study of the 'common acanthus' flourishing in a Roman ruin to show what may have

inspired the exquisite Corinthian capitals in the arcade of Santa Sabina. There is a splendid set of views of those early medieval brick bell-towers (Santa Maria in Cosmedin, San Giorgio in Velabro, SS. Giovanni e Paolo, Santa Cecilia in Trastevere, and the rest), which must have struck many visitors to Rome as among the loveliest and most characteristic of her architectural treasures. Nor are these photographs con-

by churches than are others. The chapters on Santa Sabina and eastern influences on Roman architecture in the fifth century, or the spirited and highly partizan study of the Roman reaction to iconoclasm in the eighth and ninth centuries, or the pages devoted to tracing through damaged and rebuilt churches the destruction wrought by Robert Guiscard and his Normans in the days of Gregory VII, have

far greater weight and value than the rather feeble attempt to illustrate the age of St. Bernard from pictures of the sixteenth to eighteenth centuries in the churches of the Santissimo Nome di Maria, Santa Maria Scala Caeli, or Santa Croce in Gerusalemme. Much the same criticism may be made of the chapter on St. Dominic's association with San Sisto Vecchio, which is largely taken up with a eulogy of the nineteenth-century frescoes in its conventual buildings.

In other ways, too, it must be admitted that a translation of Mâle's book, however well done and however well illustrated, cannot provide for the English reader quite the ideal introduction to the early churches of Rome. Though the original was published as recently as 1942 it was the work of a man of eighty and is marked not only by the wisdom but also here and there by the prejudices and limitations of old age. Moreover so much has happened in and after the war years in Rome itself that a number of its descriptive passages, and some of its aesthetic and historical judgments, have been overtaken by subsequent events. Mr. Buxton has supplied judicious footnotes drawing attention to some of these occasions and supplying references to later literature. All the same, a book on this subject which makes no reference to the recent excavations in St.

Peter's must inevitably have an old-fashioned look. Emile Mâle himself would surely have been the first to revise his early chapters to take account of them, had he lived long enough.

But when all is said and done this remains not only a beautiful and enjoyable book, but one full of interest for specialist and non-specialist alike. To trace the story of Christian Rome through its surviving buildings from the catacombs of Domitilla through the fifth-century splendours of Santa Sabina, the eighth- and ninth-century surprises of Santa Maria Antiqua and Santa Maria in Domnica, the memories of Norman devastation to which the structures of San Clemente or the Santi Quattro Coronati still bear witness; and finally to reach the unexpected Gothic arches of Santa Maria sopra Minerva, is to penetrate the very heart of our historic heritage in the west. Only the pilgrim tramping the hot streets of Rome can fully savour this experience, but some faint echoes of its excitement may reach the reader of this book.



Santa Cecilia in Trastevere: twelfth-century portico and tower
From 'The Early Churches of Rome'

finied to Rome, or for that matter to Christian churches: there are superb studies of the Colosseum, of Mt. Soracte, of Sermoneta, of Fossanova, and of Castel Sant' Elia, at first sight apparently irrelevant, but in fact all related in some way or other to Mâle's argument.

Mr. Buxton's translation makes as pleasant reading as any translation from the French can be expected to make. Yet French ways of thought and expression are not our ways, and too often the emotion may seem forced, the argument strained, or the diction stilted, where neither author nor translator is in fact to blame. It is indeed an inescapable truth that a French author reads best in French, and this is all the more true of an author whose style and method were as idiosyncratic as Mâle's. Moreover the nature of the task which Mâle set himself made it inevitable that some sections of the book should have more substance, more originality or more general interest than others. Some parts of Rome's story are necessarily better documented

The Listener's Book Chronicle

Sowing: An autobiography of the years 1880 to 1904. By Leonard Woolf. Hogarth Press. 21s.

Reviewed by JOHN LEHMANN

THE MOST INTERESTING and important part of this first instalment of Leonard Woolf's autobiography is his account of the group of young men who were undergraduates at Cambridge at the turn of the century, became members of the secret discussion society 'The Apostles', and afterwards formed the nucleus of what has come to be known as Bloomsbury. The inner circle of this circle consisted of Leonard Woolf himself, Lytton Strachey, J. T. Sheppard, Maynard Keynes and Saxon Sydney-Turner. It has been shown again and again that it is an extraordinary matter of chance whether a group of brilliant young men come together at university, or soon after, and create such an intellectual ferment that a revolution in thought or art begins to develop from their association.

Leonard Woolf makes it clear that to the chance of himself and Strachey and Sheppard and Keynes and Thoby Stephen (Virginia Woolf's brother) and Desmond MacCarthy and Clive Bell becoming such close friends, was added the chance that at that particular moment there were among the Fellows of Trinity four remarkable philosophers: J. E. McTaggart, A. N. Whitehead, Bertrand Russell, and G. E. Moore. It was, of course, the last-named who was the profound and liberating influence on the young Apostles and their friends. Leonard Woolf tells us that at no time in his life has he been inclined to make any deep bow of reverence to any other human being; but that G. E. Moore was the outstanding exception, the only man he has ever known 'in the world of ordinary, real life' who was a truly great man. 'Moore's mind', says Leonard Woolf, 'was Socratic. His character, too, and his influence upon us as young men at Cambridge were Socratic'. Moore revolted against the Hegelianism of McTaggart and took Russell with him, because he 'could never tolerate anything but truth, common sense, and reality'.

In his long and fascinating description, full of vivid portraiture, of this group of Cambridge friends who were later to have such a seminal influence on the intellectual life of their time, Leonard Woolf finds reason to correct the picture given by Keynes in his *Two Memoirs*. Keynes, as will be remembered, used as the pivot of his argument the famous letter D. H. Lawrence sent to David Garnett after his visit to Cambridge, in which Lawrence expressed hostility and rage against the group as horrible, unclean 'black beetles'. Lawrence, it seems, was appalled by their detached and passionless conversation; it was the kind of conversation he mocks among Sir Clifford's friends in *Lady Chatterley's Lover*; and Keynes comes to the conclusion that Lawrence was right, that there was in fact a 'thinness and superficiality, as well as the falsity, of our view of man's heart'. Leonard Woolf takes exception to this, and observing that a strain of impatience and intel-

lectual arrogance in Keynes (and in others of the group?) often led him to make false judgments, maintains that Keynes was confusing the 'Apostles' period with the later 'Bloomsbury' period that began in London between 1907 and 1914. Whether one is persuaded or not, Leonard Woolf's judgment is a vital piece of testimony in a debate that is crucial to our understanding of the intellectual climate of a movement that shaped our own world.

I do not think the earlier section, about his childhood, is quite so successful. He describes, convincingly enough, his upbringing in a large, liberal-minded Jewish family in which his father became a famous Q.C., the traumatic effect of his father's death at the age of forty-seven and the financial constriction that followed it. But he seems to me to pad this out with long discursive arguments about his views on religion just when one wants more information about the kind of boy Leonard Woolf was. Why does he have to say so often, and at such length, that he simply can't understand other people taking religion seriously? A sceptic myself, I find it nevertheless strange that he is so flatly unwilling to make the imaginative leap into a state of mind that is real for hundreds of thousands of people, perhaps millions, even today, even if he thinks they are deluded.

I wish he had told us more about himself, objectively; we get a wonderfully clear picture of the movement of his mind, but few glimpses of what goes on underneath. There are three revealing moments. The first is when he describes the 'cosmic despair' that overcame him one September morning in his boyhood, when he saw the back garden at his home in Lexham Gardens in grimy, scurfy, flowerless solitude, covered with spider webs, not a leaf stirring. The second is his account of a row with a fellow undergraduate who had offended him, after which 'I exacted a grudging apology and left the room in such a rage that I fell down the stairs from the first to the ground floor'. The third is his confession that during his time as a district magistrate in Ceylon, when it was his duty to pronounce sentence, even of the mildest sort, on a native, his hand shook so much that he had to retire to calm himself before he could sign the official paper. One hopes that the next volume, which should cover not only his service in Ceylon but also his marriage to Virginia Stephen and the founding of the Hogarth Press, will give us some deeper insight into these passionate currents running beneath the so rational surface.

Alienation. Edited by Timothy O'Keefe. MacGibbon and Kee. 18s.

The ten contributors to this book are writers who are not natives of Britain but have chosen to work here. They were asked to tell why they decided to do this and to give their impressions of England today. Most of them get so involved in the reasons that brought them here that they do not tell us much about their impressions of England today. But they do describe something even more interesting: their impressions of an

England that never was, an England fabricated from literature read in childhood, from school history, from legend, from occasional contact with A Typical Englishman. The reality was bound to be a surprise, and only the naïve would expect satisfaction.

Even the Indian (Victor Anant), the West Indian (Merrill Ferguson) and the South African descended from East European Jews (Dan Jacobson) are following roots of a sort when they come 'home'. But they come to a home that is not home. They have been anglicized out of their native heritage; yet in Britain, their spiritual home, they are foreigners. Even writers with British ancestors, like Doris Lessing, Murray Sayle, and Patrick Wilson, find themselves to some degree in this unsatisfactory dual situation. Anger follows frustration, and some of the contributors are very angry indeed. Brian Behan thunders about British iniquity in Ireland since the twelfth century. Victor Anant finds hypocrisy. Merrill Ferguson finds intolerance. J. P. Donleavy (U.S.A.) finds it useful to go off to Dublin now and again.

At least one of these writers has gone back: Abiosch Nicol to Sierra Leone: not because of failure but because he has absorbed what he came here to absorb and has now gone to make his contribution to his own society. Mordecai Richler intends to return to Canada some time, since 'to stay away too long is to become a foreigner there as well as here'. But many will stay, because England (i.e. London) means a change from the wasteland. London is opportunity, publishers, congenial talk, the stimulating memory of loneliness. Frustration is, after all, part of the writer's equipment.

There must be something in the air of Africa that makes writers. In a symposium one expects unevenness. The best essays here are those by Dan Jacobson, Doris Lessing, and Abiosch Nicol, for they transfer experience into image and thus manage to be personal without being embarrassing. Some other contributors are not as successful. But the idea of the book is excellent. The situation of these writers is a physical example of the alienation that faces most intellectuals. It is nearly sixty years since Thomas Mann wrote about Tonio Kröger, the author who stood between two worlds and was at home in neither.

IDRIS PARRY

The Aeroplane. An historical survey of its origins and development
By Charles H. Gibbs-Smith.
H.M.S.O. 35s.

To have lived through the evolution of the aeroplane and been close enough to some of the work to experience the sensation of watching fantastic achievements take place is to be more impressed by the people than the things. Mr. Gibbs-Smith, having escaped that condition of starry-eyed admiration, is the right man to look coolly and impartially at the aeroplane from its uncertain beginnings and pass judgment in true historical perspective on the work of more than half a century. His industry matches his detachment. He has worked his way through most of

the records and selected with a wickedly judicial eye; and where selection was not enough, he has come out flatly with his own verdict on what was and what was not a contribution to the cause of flying.

His searching, for instance, deprives Pégoud of the generally accepted renown for inventing the loop. He awards this, instead, to the Russian, Nesterov, who beat the Frenchman by 'a few days'. His passing of judgment is exemplified in a remark on the legend of A. V. Roe's tentative hops in June, 1908 which, if accepted as flights, would have made him the first Englishman to fly. 'Roe', he says 'cannot possibly be accorded credit for the first flight in Britain, nor did he make a significant flight until December of 1909'. He is equally firm in his treatment of Cody's early trials in this country. Quite a lot of idols are brought into focus; the feats of the greatest, like the Wright brothers, who made a thousand glider flights before they flew under power, are shown to have been the outcome more of research and persistence than of inspiration.

Thus all our old heroes are here and some others that we knew little about. All the old triumphs that so moved us are mentioned somewhere or other and shown to us through the wrong end of the telescope, looking like the tiny yet still significant details in an air photograph taken from a height of 30,000 feet. That, no doubt, is the proper function of the historian, especially an historian whose delving brings out the importance of our own English Cayley and his man-carrying glider flights of the eighteenth-fifties. For all who knew nothing of the 'stick and string' structures, of the 25 h.p. engines, of the experiments with wing shapes and combinations, of the fumbling arrival at conclusions about centres of pressure and control, of improvised propellers and of the devoted courage the pioneers brought to their mission, this book makes a wonderfully trustworthy guide to how it all happened. Some of the wonder has gone out of it and most of the atmosphere, for those who looked on at the time whether at Brooklands or Hendon or the Lea Valley marshes or later when the 'flying fools' were doing dangerous things with dreadfully inadequate apparatus.

A question put by a boy to his father after seeing the Lindbergh film in a New York cinema might be turned back to front for the benefit of such as me. 'If everyone thought what he did was so marvellous', said the boy, 'how come he never got famous?' Reading this book, I have found myself saying, time after time: 'Was that really all he amounted to?' I am sure Mr. Gibbs-Smith has got his judgments right, but how I hate having my emotional recollections reduced to size and woven like fine threads into the fabric of history.

E. COLSTON SHEPHERD

Green Seacoast. By George Buchanan. Gaberbocchus. 12s. 6d.

Forrest Reid, to whose memory Mr. Buchanan's little book is dedicated, wrote the Ulster autobiography, *Apostate*. Reid's introspective childhood was as urban as George Buchanan's was rural. These pages are a combination of diary and family album into which snapshots of by now rather blurred historic events have been inserted; the Larne gun-running episode of 1914; and the formerly rebellious Ulster Volunteers, turned British troops, marching

jauntily through the sodden streets of Belfast, in 1915, towards the slaughter of Thiépvall. Although the style has a certain jerkiness, Mr. Buchanan undoubtedly succeeds in conveying the life-situation of a sensitive, physically vigorous son of an unworldly Church of Ireland parson.

Mr. Buchanan speaks frankly. While he does not set out to 'tell all' he writes honestly and unaffectedly. Most of us will admit to the larger, more flamboyant sins, but few would dare to say: 'being quiet, wearing spectacles, I was too often put into the category of the easily brushed aside. Few believed I was capable, no one expected anything of me—except good behaviour'. It might be a good idea for Mr. Buchanan to use *Green Seacoast* as the basis of a full-scale autobiography.

ROBERT GREACEN

The New Oxford History of Music, Vol. III (Ars Nova and The Renaissance, 1300-1540). Edited by Dom Anselm Hughes and Gerald Abraham. Oxford. £3 3s.

This is undoubtedly one of the best volumes yet published in the *New Oxford History of Music*, a venture whose slow and unsteady start has given way now to increased momentum and excitement. The musical scholar today, unlike most of his literary and historical brethren, lives in exciting times. Hardly a week goes by without some significant discovery, which may encompass anything from new documentation on the life of a well-known composer to a manuscript fragment penned by some unknown medieval scribe. This volume is rich in information of both kinds. A team of eleven distinguished contributors (four, alas, now deceased) share between them a baker's dozen of chapters stretching from Vitry to Verdelot, via two of the most hypnotically fascinating centuries of musical history. Perhaps some of the fascination is that of a jigsaw, but when such large and important pieces are added to the picture, even the most anti-musicological musician must admit that the dark middle ages are worthy of fresh study.

As befits an English publication, ample space in the shape of four complete chapters is devoted to the music of these islands, and these chapters by Bukofzer and Harrison are among the finest in the volume. A great deal of new material is discussed with historical insight and eminently musical sympathy, and if the space consumed seems at first a little extravagant it will nevertheless help to redress a serious lack of balance in previous works of this kind. Never again, let us hope, will England be accused of lacking a complete and continuous musical tradition. Rudolf von Ficker has the difficult task of discussing those withdrawn, esoteric creations of the Chantilly, Reina, and Turin manuscripts, a repertory written by and for the élite as is much serial music of today. Musicians will not be fully able to appreciate the unusual nature of this fourteenth-century ginger group until more of the music has been published: at present roughly nine-tenths is virtually unknown. Help is given throughout this volume by generous examples, some of them complete compositions specially transcribed by the contributors.

Italian music is dealt with by Ellinwood and

Helm, but although their chapters are individually excellent, one feels that they have not really tried to find out what happened to music in Italy between 1425 and 1475, and the one book that might have put them on the right trail (Torrefranca's *Il Segreto del Quattrocento*) appears not to have been consulted. Similarly, Salmen's otherwise brilliant chapter on German Song gives the impression of stopping short just when the scene becomes flooded with interest. Could he not have told us a little more about the delightful songs of the Glogau and Schedel collections, and the popular printed anthologies of Oeglin, Arnt von Aich, Schlick, and Schöffner? All of these are well inside his allotted period. The richest and most readable chapter of all is Nanie Bridgman's, on 'The Age of Ockeghem and Josquin'. Admittedly this is a rich vein to strike, but it needed a pupil of Pirro to achieve the fine blend of perspicacious documentary interpretation and genuinely musical sensibility that brings this wonderful epoch fully to life. Madame Bridgman rightly insists that the Netherlands style did not emerge suddenly and in perfection about the middle of the fifteenth century, and she convincingly demonstrates not only its origin but also its remarkable ramifications and its ever-widening sphere of musical influence.

Van den Borren, long esteemed as an authority without peer on Guillaume Dufay, has much to say about this great luminary and his lesser-known contemporaries. He still writes with infectious enthusiasm and devotion, never making exaggerated claims although he knows, as do many other real connoisseurs, that Dufay is the Mozart of the fifteenth century. Gilbert Reaney's introductory essay on the period of Vitry and Machaut is admirable, but short enough to make the keen reader wish for more. A well-planned section on instruments by Gerald Hayes helps to illuminate some of the passing references to concerts in earlier chapters, though it is regrettable that the illustrations of instruments (apart from the frontispiece) are concerned exclusively with centuries prior to the thirteenth. On instrumental music, Madame Rokseth is sure on her home ground but less reliable elsewhere, yet in fairness it must be said that she covers a broader historical front than any of her colleagues. The copious index, compiled by Margaret Dean-Smith, welds this multi-purpose tool of research into a truly formidable implement, of which the editors may be justly proud.

DENIS STEVENS

The Desert Generals. By Correlli Barnett. William Kimber. 30s.
A Full Life. By Sir Brian Horrocks. Collins. 25s.

It is now nearly twenty years since the 'desert war' opened in the Middle East; so the time has arrived for 'debunking'. No doubt in another twenty years when all the principal characters are dead and the official war histories are finally completed, a more balanced view will be taken of the story: then at last the smoke will subside and the typewriters be beaten out in less vitriolic tones. Meanwhile we have young Mr. Correlli Barnett commanding an audience by kicking the backsides of his elders. He has two advantages: he knows how to write and he has interviewed several of the generals who took

IMPORTANT

Readers of 'The Listener' are reminded that all Books reviewed or advertised in this issue may be obtained promptly from:

W & G FOYLE LTD

119-125

CHANCING CROSS ROAD
LONDON WC2

Gerrard 5660 (20 lines)

Open 9-6 (Thursday 9-7)

2 mins. from Tottenham Court Rd. Stn.



*A gracious welcome
to your guests*

16/- bottle • 8/6 half-bottle

Also Magnums 32/-

Shares that do not depreciate

4%

**INCOME
TAX PAID**

◀ SUBSCRIPTION SHARES

For small sums of up to £25 at any time. On reaching £100 four paid-up shares are issued and the subscription share is kept open for further investments.

£25 PAID-UP SHARES ▶

Note these advantages:

- Member of The Building Societies Association.
- Deposits are Trustee Investments.
- Reserves—over 6% of Assets.
- Prompt and easy withdrawals.
- No stamp duty, commission or other charges.

These shares give a return equivalent to £6.10.7d.% and £6.2.5d.% respectively, subject to Income Tax at 7/9d in the £.

The Secretary will be pleased to send you full particulars

3³/₄%

**INCOME
TAX PAID**

**LAMBETH
BUILDING SOCIETY**

EST. 108 YEARS

Member of The Building Societies Association

112, WESTMINSTER BRIDGE ROAD, S.E.1 (WATERloo 5478)

Assets exceed
£7,800,000

Reserves exceed
£480,000

Is there DEAFNESS in your home?

asks **A. Edwin Stevens**

B.A. (Oxon), B.Sc., F. Inst. P.



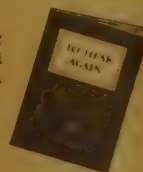
Most people take good hearing for granted until they go through a stage of not hearing quite as well as they used to. Family life and happiness are disturbed, conversation becomes difficult and strained, friends are sometimes lost... These are problems which I felt sure could be overcome, so twenty-five years ago, I founded the Amplivox Hearing Advisory Service. This is a friendly, personal service to which all people with hearing problems can turn in confidence—in privacy. There are permanent Amplivox Hearing Centres in all principal cities and Amplivox-trained resident hearing advisers in your area. They are there to provide advice—freely, impartially, and without obligation. They will show you the latest range of pocket hearing aids, spectacles, and correctors worn behind the ear, selected from the world's finest. You will be able to test their merits for yourself.

A free book you will want to read

My book, "To Hear Again", describes the Amplivox way to better hearing—a way in which hearing problems can be simply, correctly and confidentially overcome. Many people have benefited from this book. For a free copy, just fill in the coupon below and return it to me.

A. Edwin Stevens

Founder and Governing Director of the Amplivox Hearing Organisation



To: **A. Edwin Stevens, AMPLIVOX LTD.**
80 New Bond Street, London, W.1. Tel: HYDe Park 9888
Please post to me, under plain cover, a free copy of "To Hear Again"

Mr/Mrs/Ms
Address

L15/9

AMPLIVOX—WORLD'S MOST EXPERIENCED AND COMPLETE HEARING SERVICE

LOWEST EVER RETURN FARES TO PARIS

Skyways
COACH AIR

NIGHT
AIR FARE
£5.10.0
RETURN
FROM DAY
AIR FARE
£6.10.0
RETURN
COACH FARES
EXTRA

LONDON -PARIS

Daily throughout
the year

Twice weekly services to
TUNIS & MALTA
are operated by
SKYWAYS LIMITED

Enquiries to Dept. TL6

Skyways COACH AIR

33 Elizabeth Street, London, S.W.1
Telephone: SL0ane 9681
or your Travel Agent.

All Fares Tourist

part in the campaigns, including Sir Oliver Leese.

His book certainly shows how personality enters into the art of generalship. He revives and does justice to the deeds of General Sir Richard O'Connor, the 'forgotten victor', who inflicted an overwhelming defeat on the Italians with greatly inferior forces, then had the misfortune to be captured by a German patrol, and had his triumphs popularly attributed to Lord Wavell. The fine achievement of General Auchinleck in winning the first battle of El Alamein is also placed in a proper historic perspective, though justice had been done to him before in John Connell's well-documented biography. It was indeed a sad episode that this honourable soldier should have been dismissed from his command by the War Cabinet at the time when he was, although he had already offered his resignation earlier. But the fact remains that though he redeemed his defeats, General Auchinleck has to accept the responsibility, now generally recognized, for his poor judgment in the choice of subordinates. He favoured men whom he admired personally or who had served in the Indian army with him. He failed to control the earlier battles; he gave advice instead of orders; he deliberately defied the wishes of the Prime Minister and ignored the wise counsels of his close friends like Lord Ismay. General Auchinleck's superb courage and skill were clearly offset by defects of character.

Sir Winston Churchill and Lord Montgomery, on the other hand, get the stick from young Mr. Barnett. It is a way to make a reputation; such rotund, provocative, and distinguished figures ask for it and know how to take it. Sir Winston's treatment of Auchinleck, already coldly set out by Mr. Connell, does not make very pleasant reading. His method of conducting the war as Defence Minister has also been fully revealed in Sir Arthur Bryant's books on Lord Alanbrooke. There is nothing much new to be said, and everyone will have his own opinion upon Churchill in that capacity; moreover he has made his own powerful case. As to Lord Montgomery, it can scarcely be questioned that he was a leader of men, a stern disciplinarian, a general who controlled his battles, and particularly good at selecting and training his subordinates. Whether or not the second battle of El Alamein was necessary is a question of grand strategy. He had orders to fight it and he won it.

Sir Brian Horrocks was one of the generals whom Lord Montgomery chose to fight with him in his campaigns. He has now told his story. It is the autobiography of a professional soldier, a tough, courageous, and attractive figure with all the charm of the Irish (on his mother's side). A prisoner in the first German war, afterwards a captive of the Russian Bolsheviks, General Horrocks between the wars climbed the orthodox ladder at Staff College, in the War Office, and so on. But when the second war came he was fortunate enough to come under Lord Montgomery's command and in due course he found himself one of Lord Montgomery's corps commanders at the second battle of El Alamein. Yet although General

Horrocks seems to admire Lord Montgomery this side idolatry, he is a man who plays hard as well as works hard and has none of his mentor's austerity and is more modest. He would be the first to admit, for example, that he is no writer: 'Whatever you do, General', said one of his advisers, 'don't try and write English'. The consequence is, it must be confessed, that it is not always easy to follow his accounts of campaigns. But there is a flavour and a genuine Irish charm about it all that the countless viewers of his programmes on the television screen have learned to appreciate. And his book should survive by providing one of those sidelights upon the last world war to be

comfortably dilate. The one soldier of genius who emerges from that deeply fascinating story was not an allied general at all: without any question, it was Field-Marshal Rommel.

MAURICE ASHLEY

Six Poets of Modern Greece. Translated and introduced by Edmund Keeley and Philip Sherrard.

Thames and Hudson. 21s.

The personal voice and quality of a lyric poet are rarely translatable—or at any rate are rarely translated—into a foreign language; though sometimes a single translator, working at length

on a single poet with whom he has discovered some intimate kinship or who has provoked in him some overpowering curiosity, may by a freak combination of talent, sympathy, devotion, perseverance and luck contrive to break through what is essentially and literally a *sound-barrier* and bring something back. As it happens, this has already been done with the first poet of the six assembled here: C. P. Cavafy was rendered with uncanny vividness and at considerable length some ten years ago by John Mavrogordato. Certain things about Cavafy perhaps made conquest a little easier. First, he had already emerged as a 'character' in E. M. Forster's *Pharos and Pharillon*. Secondly, there were two specific elements in Cavafy's poetry that would have been striking enough even in prose: his ironic, affectionate, debunking attitude to the grandeurs of the Greek past and his frank and recurrent treatment of an obsessive personal subject (the homosexual pick-up) as a theme for reminiscent lament and nostalgia. Neither of these elements is especially subtle or elusive, and both could therefore be brought over into another tongue with their (presumable) freshness and impact unimpaired. It diminishes the vividness of this likable poet that Mr. Keeley and Mr. Sherrard have all but suppressed the less discreet side of him in the score or so of his poems they include in their anthology.

The principles on which Mr. Keeley and Mr. Sherrard have worked in the

translations themselves are not specified. Possibly the fact of collaboration has hindered rather than helped the process of incorporation and re-projection which must occur in all adequate translation of verse. Thus, of the poets collected here, only George Seferis comes over with real vividness. Here the translators are helped by two facts. The general coherence and consistency of the poet's manner—his adopted persona of the Odysseus-like figure through whom he so often speaks—give his individual poems a seizable dramatic line; and there is the fortuitous advantage for an English translator that Seferis's temperament expresses itself in a voice remarkably like that of T. S. Eliot, whom he has translated into Greek and on whose lyrical manner he has, with happy effect, apparently nourished himself. Seferis is powerful enough, and relaxed enough in his versification, to come over in much the same way, whoever translates him. The sections from 'Mythical Journey' and the isolated poem 'The King of Asine' shine out in this book like



Three costumes from the Victoria and Albert Museum: dinner dress, evening dress, and ball dress (1830)

From 'The Fashionable Lady in the 19th Century' by C. H. Gibbs-Smith (H.M.S.O., 25s.)

waged on *terra firma* by officers and gentlemen.

One can see from Sir Brian's book the kind of devotion that Lord Montgomery inspired and this should be contrasted with the sore observations of Mr. Barnett. It is easy enough to say that generals do not have to be publicity-minded. But in public life most people find it pays to blow their own trumpets. No doubt had they been less modest O'Connor would not have been a forgotten hero or Auchinleck so easily dismissed. But none of the generals of the last war can be compared to the great generals of history, to Caesar or Alexander, Marlborough, Frederick the Great, or Napoleon, if only because all these men themselves commanded the whole political and strategic situation and were not hectored by politicians at home. Yet even in their much smaller spheres our commanders-in-chief in the desert war do each appear to have possessed some defects of character and of judgment in the heat of battle upon which a perky author at his typewriter can

jewels. It is to be hoped Mr. Keeley and Mr. Sherrard will pursue him further on our behalf; one has the feeling that he greatly exceeds in importance the other poets collected here, and it would be good to have him in some sort of completeness.

The other four poets are all known here at

least by name: Sikelianos, Antoniou, Elytis, and Gatsos. In these pages they do not fare very well. Sikelianos is presented at equal length with Cavafy and Seferis, but except possibly in 'The Sacred Way', he seems to have offered insoluble difficulties: one reads page after page with an absent mind. Elytis proves slightly more

communicable, notably in 'The Mad Pomegranate Tree', and the Rimbaudian 'Autopsy'. Of Antoniou and Gatsos (only four pages each) it is impossible to form any real impression; and the commendations of Mr. Keeley and Mr. Sherrard, in their admirable introduction, have to be taken more or less on trust.

HENRY REED

New Short Stories

To Whom It May Concern. By Elisabeth Mann Borgese. MacGibbon and Kee. 15s.

River's End and other stories. By Anthony C. West. MacGibbon and Kee. 18s.

Our Last Family Countess. By Antonio Barolini. Gollancz. 16s.

The Riddle of the Fly. By Elizabeth Enright. Heinemann. 15s.

A MOOP, a literary conjuring trick, an incident, a portrait—these are some of the things that the short story, and perhaps only the short story, can capture and perpetuate. It can also be a bridge between the poem and the *conte* and in consequence be uneasily named a prose poem. At its best, however, it is a valid literary artifact in its own right; it need not be a substitute or cipher for anything else. It demands the hardest disciplines—brevity, point, inevitability—and if it fails, its failure is total. Where the novel permits proliferation and digression, the short story demands precision and strict relevance. It briskly deals with the matter in hand and is then silent.

It would appear, in fact, that there is little room for experiment with this form, that its scope and limitations are severely charted and demarcated. And it is certainly true that the great modern masters of the short story in English—writers such as Somerset Maugham—have produced the best results when they have adhered faithfully to the presentation of a single incident out of which character emerges easily and vividly.

Mrs. Borgese, the daughter of Thomas Mann, has not been content to obey such classic rules. To her book of short stories, somewhat defiantly entitled *To Whom It May Concern*, she has added a few introductory notes; 'I have tried to see my stories painted or hear them composed', she says, 'and I have tried to have them read the way a Mondrian or Prampolini looks, the way an Alban Berg or a Luigi Nono sounds. Not out of snobbism but because of a deep conviction that these men express the very essence of our century'.

These are big words and large claims. Some readers, indeed, may well feel that Mrs. Borgese's reflections on her own stories are a little pretentious. In fact, the stories need no annotation; few of them are obscure and almost all of them have at least a tenuous connexion with conventional examples of the form. Mrs. Borgese's stories are original not so much in their treatment as in their subject-matter. She is desperately concerned with what is to become of man in an age of machines and technology, and one of her most successful stories, 'The Rehearsal', deals with an ape who has been trained to conduct an orchestra and who goes berserk. Another story describes an experiment by which a man is put into 'deep freeze' for a hundred years and who, when he comes to life again, is killed in a motor accident. Mrs. Borgese's art is, it appears, one of terse satire and quiet, but sometimes terrifying, deflation. Her stories appeal to the intellect rather than to the heart, although one of them, 'Delphi Revisited', is a

touching account of a man who attempts, unsuccessfully, to defy statistics. Taken together, these stories are a harsh comment on man when he allows himself to risk becoming a zombie.

River's End and other stories by Anthony C. West is a book of short stories which have all the virtues and none of the vices of Irish writing. Mr. West curbs the excessive exuberance which so often bedevils Celtic literature and is content simply to present *people* in utterly convincing, three-dimensional terms. His best stories, such as 'Not Isaac', describe the adolescent fears and awakenings of a boy called Stephen. This Stephen has none of the articulateness, the self-absorption of Joyce's character of the same name but his experiences are, none the less, vivid and absorbing, largely because the boy's background of country life is so skilfully sketched in. The majority of Mr. West's characters are rooted and 'placed' firmly in the countryside, and his most ambitious story, 'The Monocrats', is a study of violence and frustration among a group of Irish emigrants to Canada. Here, a story which could so easily have been *Cold Comfort Farm* melodrama has some of the attributes of genuine tragedy. Mr. West writes with a power that is all the more effective for being often held in check; he knows that letting oneself go in literature seldom attracts much attention. *River's End* is a distinguished and memorable collection.

In *Our Last Family Countess*, Antonio Barolini, an Italian now settled in the United States, has put together a number of autobiographical tales set in the Veneto, the part of Italy in which he was born and brought up. Nostalgia is the driving force behind these stories but it is a nostalgia which never deteriorates into wistfulness. Signor Barolini is far away now from the incidents and characters of his stories and the result is that he can see his own past with remarkable objectivity. If he is far away in place and time, he is, however, near enough in feeling and sympathy to give his tales a charm and humour that are extremely engaging.

Signor Barolini's stories can be divided roughly into two groups—those which concern his hard, hide-and-seek life in Venice during the last war ('Incident in Venice', 'The Pepper Man'), and those which re-create his own childhood in Vicenza as well as the lives of his numerous relatives. The second group is the largest and most successful. Each of these stories is a self-contained incident or character study, but each is also connected with all the others. The result is that the author has drawn a lively portrait of a complete but now derelict society. His family had aristocratic connexions and his childhood was spent in an atmosphere of wealth

and ease. His mother, however, was far from being a complacent, prosperous woman of leisure. She was, on the contrary, much exercised about the lives and problems of her servants and neighbours. One of the funniest and most delightful stories in *Our Last Family Countess* describes some of these servants; the story is called 'People in the House' and it illustrates particularly well the author's light touch, narrative skill, and feeling for personal relationships. Of his old nurse, he writes: 'To truly simple souls like hers, even the cruelest and most barbarous offices of nature do not create terror but remain candid and innocent'.

These childhood stories are permeated with regret and with love. With absolute ease Signor Barolini has, in this fine book, broken the hard and often impenetrable barrier between autobiography and fiction.

Elizabeth Enright is a practised American writer of short stories, yet there is nothing slick about her latest collection, *The Riddle of the Fly*. Some of these stories, such as 'A Night Watch' and 'Once in a Summer', are brief descriptions of mood and atmosphere; others are concerned with childhood terrors—'The House by the River', for example, and 'The Gift of Light'. Miss Enright is also deft in the presentation of marital problems, as she shows especially well in 'A Little Short of the Record'. But her stories are never merely excuses for the display of psychological percipience; as she makes one of her own characters reflect in 'Once in a Summer', 'What is our sensitiveness but a morbid attention to the ego, a counting over of its bruises, hourly, as if they were treasures?'

Miss Enright is much more than simply an acutely sensitive observer. Unlike some women writers, she never presses a point too far, never plays on the nerve of a perception until everything is sacrificed to feeling and sensation. One of her most admirable gifts is the ability to evoke seascapes and landscapes in a few words. In 'Once in a Summer', for instance, the sea is felt almost as one of the characters in the story—'Thunder had begun somewhere, and the wind had lessened. The gay, torn sky hung low over her head, drifting stingy with its rain, of which only a few scarce drops stung her brow and cheeks. The gulls creaked and whined on their shifting levels of air...'

Miss Enright possesses the sort of professionalism which inspires complete confidence in her readers. The most elusive feelings, the most heady climates are, one feels, entirely within her range. She makes all that she touches comprehensible and communicable—and she touches a great many different things.

ELIZABETH JENNINGS

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting

DOCUMENTARY

The Mighty Fallen?

CUTTING THE MIGHTY down to human size is evidently not the fun one had always supposed it to be. In 'Panorama' (September 5), happily back with us after the summer break, Mr. Correlli Barnett, the historian, was weighed down with its cares and responsibilities. Possibly Field-Marshal Lord Montgomery is not the easiest of subjects for this kind of surgical

times tell if an event was being seen through the lenses of B.B.C. television cameras or their Italian opposite numbers by the persistence with which British competitors were, or were not, viewed. When the pictures came via Italian equipment, the B.B.C. commentators had to adjust their technique to keep us informed of what was happening out of sight, for the Italian cameras were presumably relaying to Europe generally and were not necessarily interested in the British entrants at any particular moment. Needless, by now, to say that the 'Olympic Sportsview' team took this one in their stride.

film is that it should be absolutely truthful. Commissioned to make a film about a little-known tribe, a traveller might feel impelled to give the mass television audience real value for money and succumb to the temptation to do a little stage-managing. We should have travellers' tales then, all right.

I missed one of the two American documentary films shown last week and was glad not to have missed the other (*What Makes Us Human*, September 9) about the experiments on human and animal behaviour being carried out at Harvard University. Many people apparently still hope that Pavlov's theories on conditioned reflexes will be proved wrong, believing that their full implications are unflattering to man. This C.B.S. film must have spread the gloom more widely, for there could be no escaping the burden of its message. Its propagation of the concept that all human thought and action is absolutely determined by environment supplied an ironical footnote to Christopher Mayhew's recently concluded 'Crime' series.

PETER POUND



Australian aboriginal from the film *Men of the Dream Time* in the series 'Travellers' Tales'

Left: Robert Kee interviewing Henry Labouisse, Special Assistant to the Secretary-General of the United Nations, in 'Panorama'

operation (though even his best friends can hardly deny that he suffers very badly from I-trouble). His fame has seemed so well founded, so indisputably documented, that it came almost as a shock to learn that the way he handled armies and armour was apparently open to serious objection.

Ludovic Kennedy, who interviewed both Mr. Barnett and General Gatehouse (not a Monty man), could not altogether conceal his amazement that anyone should dare to challenge the Montgomery myth. I thought that Kennedy's attitude to Mr. Barnett's book and to its author and General Gatehouse was distinctly unsympathetic. He may have felt that a proper balance of argument required his weight on the other side, though Lord Montgomery was allowed to speak for himself by means of extracts from his television series of last year. Whatever the reason, Kennedy's performance seemed to me to be another example of a 'Panorama' reporter setting about an assignment with his mind already made up.

Some degree of commitment is inevitable and presumably desirable, for a man without views of his own is as tedious on television as he is in life. What I as an independent critic am not sure about is whether the stands taken by Kennedy, Day, Kee, and Mossman are based on their personal beliefs or whether 'Panorama' has a collective point of view that they have to express.

The theme of the mighty fallen was continued in last week's transmissions from the Olympics in Rome. The standard set, and maintained, by 'Olympic Sportsview' was often equalled by the direct broadcasts. I take it that we could some-

How hard they must all have worked during the seventeen days of the Olympics! The strain was apparent in their expressions before the end, the Eurovision link being easily good enough to transmit rings under the eyes. For us viewers the strenuous, complicated effort was well worth while, and it must have enhanced the regard in which the B.B.C.'s outside broadcasting is held. Indeed, the Olympics have become so much a part of our viewing experience over the past fortnight that I scarcely know what we—or the B.B.C., for that matter—will do without them.

What, also, shall we do without 'Travellers' Tales' when they come to an end? This, I hope, will not be for a long time, but films as good as Jacques Villemainot's *Men of the Dream Time* (September 7) are not made every week or every year, and the supply cannot be inexhaustible. Or has television provided a sufficiently paying market to justify the organizing of expeditions solely to make such films as these?

It would be pleasant to think that it has, but there surely could be—perhaps are—dangers in that sort of arrangement. The essential requirement for this kind of

DRAMA

A Poet's Play

LAST WEEK'S DRAMA failed to live up to its promise. All the same, I derived more satisfaction from it than from many another more immediately effective week.

Not that one's satisfaction was always easily derived, or even maintained. Mr. Louis MacNiece's play, *Another Part of the Sea* (September 6) at times defied the most willing acceptance, not merely on the grounds of probability, but also because its allusive dialogue soared to heights where life was not always sustained in the rarefied atmosphere. For this was a poet's play, if not in poetic language, with a poet's ability to suggest emotional depths by a hint, and a poetic command of material that in more workaday hands might have proved as intractable as, on occasion, and seen in isolation, it sometimes appears to be here.

The core of the play was hard enough, being



From *Giuseppina*, a film made by the British Petroleum Company, in 'The Living Cinema' on September 7



Another Part of the Sea, with (left to right) William Squire as Haffer, Liam Gaffney as Ryan, Russell Napier as Carstairs, and Margaret Gordon as Portia

very much a subject of our times: it was in fact originally suggested to the dramatist by the mystery of the disappearing diplomats. On a strange cruise in which the participants, no less than the ship, plough their mysterious allegorical way on an unfamiliar course, from this world to the other, a scientist is appalled to see boarding the ship a former colleague and close friend. For the colleague, a brilliant nuclear physicist, if an unstable human being, had not only fled behind the Iron Curtain, but had previously been his wife's lover.

What should the scientist do? Where do his primary loyalties lie? Is he a human being first and foremost, or must his professional interests dominate his life? And if he acts, are his motives patriotic or based on selfishly personal reasons? Though Mr. MacNeice resolves his conflict, no clear-cut answer can really ever satisfactorily emerge, for the problem does depend, finally, on what we ourselves feel.

Perhaps the most maddening aspects of the play were its sudden drops in temperature. At the peak of some scene bearing on the complexity of the journey the thread of the argument would be all too frequently frayed by some excruciating banality unworthy of the most mundane of dramatists. The author was, however, well served by his cast, and in particular by Mr. Russell Napier, whose scientist was a grave, credible figure, touched with humour and, though fallibly human, filled with patent understanding.

My disappointment was less justified, I admit, with the first part of *Henry VI, Part II* (September 8), but after the successful compression a fortnight ago of *Part I*, I confess to finding *The Fall of a Protector* episodic in comparison. Not that the fault is that of Mr. Peter Dews; the lack of dramatic unity lies in the chronicle antecedents of the play. All the same, I wonder if a more forceful, fully charged approach would not have matched the tingling, prideful historical survey better.

Here there is no room for the fine shades the

true Shakespearean work calls for, though it has been lately proved that these early essays have a theatrical viability of their own. And at least in the hot-house atmosphere of the council where Gloucester was disgraced the dramatic tension was to the fore, while the lurid shadows of the necromancers held a potency almost too great for our screens. To balance the unorganized flow of the play, however, the producer drew strongly delineated performances from his cast. He was wonderfully aided in this by the glittering implacability of Miss Mary Morris, whose Margaret of Anjou was as hard and unrelenting as an unseeing statue. Mr. Jack May's York by contrast weakened visibly in close-up as the canker of ambition consumed him, the camera seeming to peer into his soul through his most

hereby make a plea for more spot programmes of this length.

ANTHONY COOKMAN, JR.

Sound Broadcasting

DRAMA

Nudging Narrator

NARRATORS SHOULD NOT, as a rule, also be important characters in radio plays. Nor should they make up to the audience in any way which an unfriendly critic could call 'nudging'; such elbow work is known to be an error common among nineteenth-century novelists. These truths were brazenly and satisfactorily ignored in R. D. Smith's production of *Dear Miss Prior* (Home Service, September 5) which was an adaptation by Mollie Greenhalgh of Thackeray's novel *Lovel the Widower*.

Mr. Batchelor, the narrator (Richard Hurdall), was hesitantly enamoured of the heroine, a poor beauty with brains and a dreadful mother. He blatantly asked questions beginning: 'Did you guess, dear listener . . .?' described child characters as 'each fiendish in its own way', and kept stepping forward to deplore cadishness, applaud gallantry, and worry about the possible duplicity of a governess who once 'danced to give her family bread'. This Miss Prior (Beryl Calder) was a demurely ambiguous piece who must be one of the first career girls to hide her desirability behind spectacles. Open irony helped the story even when it took to slapstick with the effect of a harp-string breaking at a significant moment. Thackeray came off better perhaps than he deserved from being treated with friendly disrespect.

Another possibly mercenary lady of the stage with a greedy mother turned up in *The Green Bay Tree* (Third Programme, September 5) which Rayner Heppenstall had arranged from a short novel by Edouard Dujardin that James Joyce admired. She, however, and her scared and frustrated admirer were spared worldly

comment and taken seriously. The point was in the form—an early variant of the interior monologue or stream-of-consciousness method. Robert Eddison as Daniel Prince, a polite young man in pursuit of a mistress, thought aloud all the time, and was allowed to suspect that he was being robbed as well as to desire her and hope to catch her by some implausible jiu-jitsu of renunciation. But he was too inevitably a victim and too mercenary himself to hold much sympathy. We have also, unfairly, been trained to expect more lust in anyone's stream of consciousness since 1887 when the book was written. The soliloquy worked well in brief irrelevant sentences about things seen, broken by street noises, in a passage where the man gave himself orders while dressing and in his dreadful baby talk when the girl pretended to fall asleep.

That streams of talk without much consciousness attached are now gravely out of hand was demonstrated again by *Alas, Poor Fred* (Third, September 7). This 'suburban dialogue after the manner of Ionesco' by James Saunders rattled along as though it would never stop, and was mildly funny in places. One regretted that the late Fred was not blessed with a sense of



Scene from *Henry VI, Part II*, with (left to right) Gordon Gostelow as the Earl of Salisbury, Robert Lang (foreground) as the Bishop of Winchester, Frank Windsor as the Earl of Warwick, John Ringham as the Duke of Gloucester, Terry Scully as Henry VI, Mary Morris as Queen Margaret, and Alan Rowe as the Duke of Somerset

expressively calculating eyes. The sympathetic portrait of Gloucester, distracted beyond endurance by an anarchy he can feel but cannot dispel, was strengthened by Mr. John Ringham.

A paradox of the intimacy of our screen is its unkindness to those whose especial talents lie in intimate revue. *Who's Moody?* (September 9), though serving to remind one of the pleasures Mr. Ron Moody can dispense on the stage, failed to find the right approach for his humour. His gifts lie in the sharpness with which he seizes on the foibles of the weak and inarticulate. Then on to these absurdities he grafts an unexpected savagery—to explain, perhaps, how in these days the meek inherit the land. This was best observed in the finale of the Edwardian musical comedy skit where his elderly, voiceless, bespectacled leading man nevertheless possessed more than enough iron in his soul to walk off triumphantly with all the honours.

For the rest, however, Mr. Moody showed that where he broadened his matter, he was no more memorable, though no less either, than many another performer. His brand of comedy would probably have benefited from being shortened to a quarter of an hour; and I

humour and had unfortunately been cut in half, and one sympathized with his former wife over her tedious new husband's inability to remember that he had been her lover and Fred's murderer. But it was all too daft, too long, and too repetitive. There was enough in it to make a fair revue sketch but only that. Could it now be regarded as established that there are commonplace couples in the suburbs and elsewhere who converse without attending to each other and live in fantasy worlds which are fantastic? There was a time when art critics had to annoy young painters by saying that whereas Picasso could get away with using house paints they had better not. Admiration for Ionesco seems to be producing a similar situation.

The Passport by Lewis Grant Wallace (Light, September 6) was a neat moral melodrama simple enough in its pattern but compelling interest because it moved logically from suspicion to crisis to disclosure and because the people concerned sounded probable. A man on a bus talks rather too intensely about murder for the peace of mind of a good citizen, who feels that he must report the conversation. The police are at first properly doubtful about the report, but a combination of accident and the bus passenger's need to be judged makes them act and releases the tension of the first obscure conversation. Good performances by Wilfrid Lawson, Ralph Hallett, and Gabriel Woolf gave full effectiveness to sound dialogue and an unusually economical plot.

The stock reactions of romance were pleasantly avoided in G. C. Brown's *A Stop on the Way* (Home, September 8). It seemed as though our withers were going to be wrung by the near-suicide of an ill-assorted young couple eloping with parents in pursuit so that parents would be converted and love would triumph. But it ended bravely with the parents having withdrawn their opposition but the lovers moving from the reaction to their despair into a friendly indifference. I felt sure that I had seen the play recently on television, and wonder whether, when this does happen, it would be reasonable for us to be warned.

You can be sadly sure that in Saturday-Night Theatre endings will be happy; and a cheerful solution was finally provided for *Country Air* by Lionel Brown (Home, September 10). But no last-minute twist to optimism could sweeten the thorough nastiness of the slanderous villagers of this parish. The air was quite bracing for a Saturday night at home.

FREDERICK LAWS

THE SPOKEN WORD



A Week for Features

ONLY LAST WEEK my colleague, Mr Frederick Laws, was singing the praises of B.B.C. Drama (Sound). It is now my turn to write about the Features Department; and I hope that when Miss Grenfell, Mr. Peter Hall, and their colleagues gravely consider 'the dissemination by wire of broadcasting', they will pay great heed to this department's work. For it is here, to my mind, that we find the widest range of pure radio: the imaginative, the poetic, and the exploratory, as well as the vigorous documentary. The O-level feature programme is nearly always reliable, and we get a commendable number of distinctions. There were four major programmes this week to suggest the range of the department's work, and two of them, I thought, were medal winners.

The first of them (I must be frank) was easily the worst. Nineteen hundred years ago, St. Paul was shipwrecked off Malta, and converted the island's inhabitants. This super-centenary (the exact term for it escapes me) was recently cele-

brated by an international gathering of clergy and laity; and among the latter was Maurice Brown with his tape-recorder. On September 4 (Home Service), in 'Viva San Pawl!', he gave us his impressions of the Pauline festivities. I think his error was to make an hour-long feature out of a subject more suited to an illustrated talk. The material just didn't stretch that far; and the recorded series of hymns and car horns, brass bands and cheering crowds was extremely tedious. There was not even an outside chance of a bronze medal for this one.

'Battle for Britain' (Home, September 6) was, however, a winner on many points. Chester Wilmot's account of the abortive Operation Sealion was a beautifully contrived radio jigsaw; every memoir, in fact, and comment fell smoothly into place, and the final picture was full-coloured and complete. 'Battle for Britain' was one of those welcome programmes designed for an adult listener who was prepared to use his mind and imagination. It was not decked out with sound effects and easy emotional tricks (and the final recording of Churchill was the more impressive for that). One point, then, for a distinguished script, which made us realize that the Battle of Britain, like Waterloo, was 'a damn near thing'. One point for the narrator, Leo Genn, who showed just the right mixture of pride and purpose and oh-it-was-nothing-really. And one point for Laurence Gilliam, for a highly spirited but entirely appreciative production.

'Lord Fisher' (Home, September 7) recalled a whole series of battles for Britain by sketching a remarkable naval career. Lord Fisher of Kilverstone entered the Navy in 1854, the year of the Crimean War, and he was nominated by the last of Nelson's captains on the active list. He lived to shake his fist in the face of Edward VII, quarrel with Churchill, and serve, erratically, during the first world war. David Woodward gave us a competent impression of this stormy petrel (known as 'the Yellow Peril' by his enemies), and he made it evident that Fisher had flashes of genius, and degenerated, sadly, into a megalomaniac. 'Fear God and dread nought' was Fisher's motto, and he carried it well beyond extremes. He was loved by the lower deck almost as Nelson had been, but he proved insufferable to his peers. He was also delightfully unconventional: it is not so often one comes across an admiral who wears blue spats with his uniform and chooses to read Montaigne and Descartes. He was altogether an original and promising sitter for radio, and he was well and faithfully portrayed.

'The Master?' (Home, September 9) brought us another unorthodox figure: the Protean figure of Pablo Picasso. My only criticism of this programme was that we should have heard it when the Tate exhibition still had a few weeks to run. For this report on Picasso and his public, and the change in aesthetic taste during the last thirty-five years, was a lively inquiry, even for Mr. Cutforth; and Mr. Cutforth is a successful radio journalist who not only searches widely but edits well. Whether he gives us the gallery attendant, the detective, the blasé artist, the ex-President of the Royal Academy, or the wide-eyed schoolgirl, he has a flair for getting characters over, and getting them to speak to the point. 'Either I'm a clod', said someone, 'or people are having their legs pulled'. Well, perhaps there was a fraction of truth in that; and gazing last week at that vast unfinished collage in the Tate, one saw the pot of paste being thrown in the public's face. But the versatility and splendour of Picasso still remain to attest that Picasso is himself modern art: a great monopolist figure like Nuffield or Ford. It is good to find him on the Home Service at last.

A medal for Mr. Cutforth and, finally, a medal for those who have reported the Olympic

Games on sound: I have listened with admiration for their speed, completeness, and vivacity.

JOANNA RICHARDSON

MUSIC



A Russian Week

DMITRI SHOSTAKOVICH, now aged fifty-four, was once the *enfant terrible* of Russian music. This was in the days of Stalin whose government frowned upon any departure from academic standards in the arts, although it encouraged the worst excesses in the sphere of human conduct. Many will remember the hullabaloo caused by *A Lady Macbeth of Mtsensk*, the opera by Shostakovich based on a melodramatic story by a pre-revolutionary Russian novelist in which a provincial lady, bored with her bourgeois existence, begins by taking a lover and, after murdering her husband, her father-in-law, and a rival in her lover's affections, ends by taking her own life. Hailed when it was first produced in Moscow in 1934 as a masterpiece, it was later condemned by Stalin and banned from the Soviet stage on the grounds that it violated the canons of proletarian art.

Much water has flowed under the bridges of the Volga since those far-off days, and Shostakovich is now one of the most honoured and universally respected representatives of Soviet music. He is at present visiting England, and was present at the first performance in this country of his new *Cello Concerto* which was the outstanding musical event of the last week of the Edinburgh Festival (Home Service, September 9). The Concerto could not have been given under more auspicious conditions, for the orchestra was the Leningrad Symphony Orchestra (making its first appearance in this country) and the soloist that superb 'cellist', Mstislav Rostropovich, who seems destined to be a second Casals. It is impossible to imagine a better performance of this work of Shostakovich's maturity, which has many attractive features. It is to be feared, however, so great are the demands the composer makes upon the technical prowess of the soloist, that only a limited number of 'cellists' will be able to include it in their repertoire. At times indeed the composer seems to be asking too much of the 'cello' whose resources are exploited to the utmost; but as the work was written especially for Rostropovich he doubtless felt that here was a magnificent opportunity of showing what the 'cello' can be made to do in the hands of a great virtuoso. In the long cadenza-movement, especially, the soloist has to perform prodigious technical feats, with complicated double-stopping in the highest register, *pizzicato* accompaniments, and so on, but Rostropovich not only surmounted all these difficulties with effortless ease, flawless intonation, and magnificent tone, but played throughout with a rare sense of style and outstanding musicianship.

The Leningrad orchestra was conducted on this occasion by Gennadi Rozhdestvensky, and it was interesting to hear in the same programme what the Russians would make of Britten's *Variations and Fugue on a theme of Purcell*, obviously chosen for the purpose of showing off the virtuosity of all the sections of the orchestra. Their playing is certainly highly accomplished; the sound is always brilliant, but one could wish sometimes for a little more light and shade and a rather more subtle blending. A symphony by Myaskovsky (1881-1950)—his twenty-first—in one continuous movement lasting a bare quarter of an hour, proved to be an eminently unadventurous exercise in the kind of music-making one associates with composers like Glazunov or Saint-Saëns, although this particular work was composed in 1940.

MARTELL

and
GINGER ALE



GO SO WELL TOGETHER
more and more

MARTELLS



COGNAC BRANDY AT ITS BEST



MISRAIR

UNITED ARAB AIRLINES

Comet 4C Jets



FIVE FLIGHTS EVERY
WEEK FROM LONDON

ZURICH FRANKFURT

GENEVA ROME CAIRO

BENGAZI, BEIRUT, DAMASCUS, JEDDAH, KHARTOUM
TRIPOLI and anywhere in the Middle East

MISRAIR, with 30 years' air travel
experience, now extend their Comet
service to London. You will enjoy the
speed, comfort and hospitality of
MISRAIR jet travel.

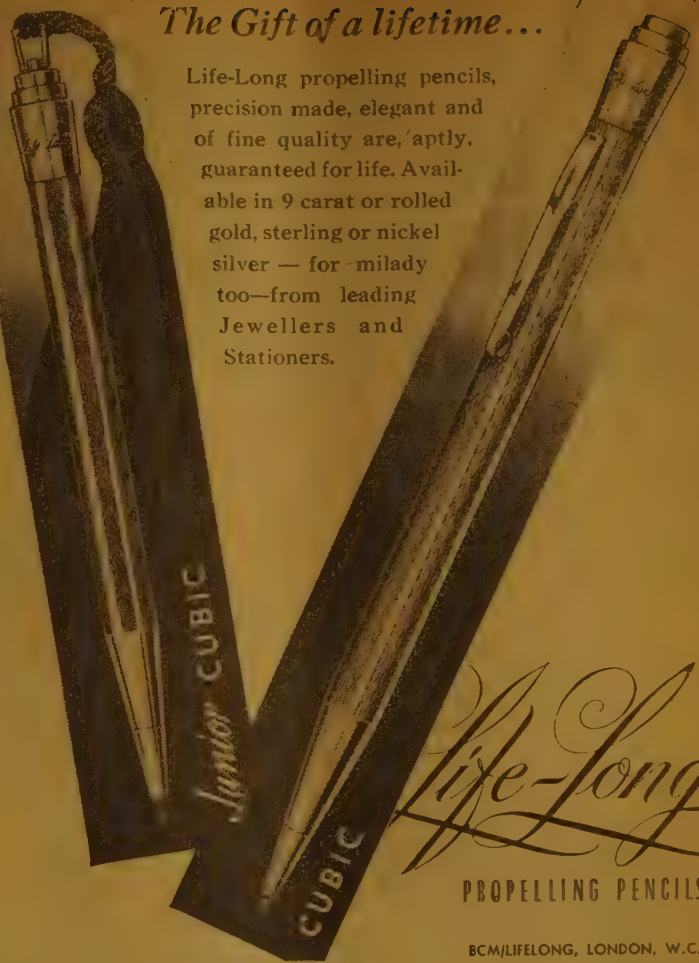
Consult your Travel Agent
or contact

MISRAIR
BOOKING OFFICE

MISRAIR, INC. REG. NO. 2395/67

The Gift of a lifetime...

Life-Long propelling pencils,
precision made, elegant and
of fine quality are, aptly,
guaranteed for life. Avail-
able in 9 carat or rolled
gold, sterling or nickel
silver — for milady
too—from leading
Jewellers and
Stationers.



Life-Long

PROPELLING PENCILS

BCM/LIFELONG, LONDON, W.C.1

VERSATILE...

ORB-STAMPED HARRIS TWEED is the
tweed of many talents. It wears like
a charm, looks very expensive, and
is always acceptable in company.
Women who know, have at least
one coat or suit in their wardrobes
made from this traditionally famous
tweed.

The Orb Mark is your safeguard that
the tweed has been independently
inspected according to regulations
approved by the Board of Trade,
and that it is wholly produced in the
Islands of the Outer Hebrides.

So, always look for the
Orb Mark before you buy —

HARRIS TWEED



Issued by The Harris Tweed Association Ltd.

TO SUN AND SNOW

Now is the time to start thinking about your Winter Holiday! Apply for free copy of our Winter literature.

1. WINTER SPORTS

Party and Free-lance Arrangements with Rail or Air Travel.
Family and Teenagers' Parties.
Ski-Pedestrian Holidays.

2. WINTER SUNSHINE

Christmas and February Sunshine Parties on the Riviera.
Winter Cruises and Air Charter Holidays to Warmer Climates.
Suggestions for Wintering Abroad.

For full details of all our Winter arrangements, including Christmas Parties in Britain, contact

ERNALOW

(LR 47 Old Brompton Road, London, S.W.7.
Telephone No. KENSington 0911 & 8881/4

LEARN

ANOTHER LANGUAGE

in a few months—the easy ASSiMiL way. You assimilate the language and acquire the accent naturally by listening to everyday conversations on gramophone records (45 & 78 r.p.m.) with an illustrated textbook to guide you. Preliminary and complete courses in **FRENCH, GERMAN, ITALIAN, RUSSIAN** and **SPANISH**.

Fees payable by instalments.

FULL DETAILS FROM

ASSiMiL 16 Farncombe, Godalming

LIVE—with a paint brush!

Oils and watercolours—I.C.S. will train you in both! Personal instruction in your own time... practical, experienced instruction that saves years of wasted effort. I.C.S. 'Pleasure from Painting' Course is not expensive. Will repay you amply. FREE Winsor and Newton set when you start! Write now for FREE BOOK 'Pleasure from Painting' to:

**INTERNATIONAL
CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS**

(DEPT. 344) INTERTEXT HOUSE
PARKGATE ROAD, LONDON, S.W.11



Brochure Free
from

Watch your
Savings grow

when you invest them in the
Bradford Permanent
TRUSTEE DEPOSIT
DEPARTMENT 3½%
Assets exceed £25,000,000.
Reserves exceed £1,154,000.

**BRADFORD PERMANENT
BUILDING SOCIETY**

Member of the Building Societies Association

41-43 SUNBRIDGE ROAD, BRADFORD 1. Tel. 25144
or 6 MADDOX STREET, W.1. Tel. MAYfair 8538

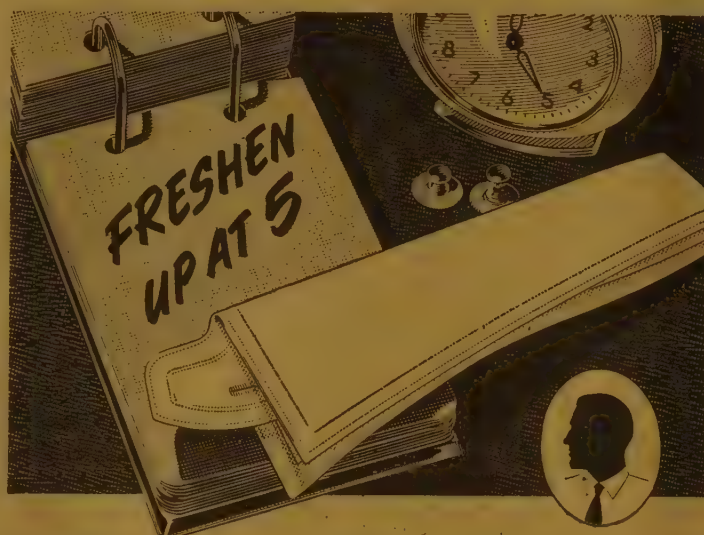
SUBSCRIPTION
SHARES
for
regular
savers

4%

PAID-UP
SHARES
for
larger
investors

3½%

Income Tax paid by Society



Put on a clean Van Heusen Collar

For morning freshness at the end of the day, put on a clean Van Heusen collar. Impeccably styled in cool, permanently semi-stiff material actually woven on a curve that conforms to the shape of your neck, Van Heusen collars are always irreproachably right.



Van Heusen Collars

Choose from 6 styles in your quarter-size * 3/6 each

KEEP SOME SPARE VAN HEUSEN COLLARS AT THE OFFICE

WRITE TO SELL

once you KNOW-HOW

21 guineas—17 guineas—30 guineas—25 guineas—these are just four editorial cheques obtained by KNOW-HOW beginners for their articles and stories.

You, also, can profit from the exclusive KNOW-HOW Blueprints... the free subscription to THE WRITER... the bonus gift of two practical writing encyclopaedias... the No Sales-No Fees training. Yes, you can benefit from the years-proven KNOW-HOW Course which shows you how to write what editors buy.

By sending for the FREE (D.N.) "Know-How Guide to Writing Success" (45th edition), one new student has already gained 81 guineas.

Send now for your copy. There is no obligation.
B.A. SCHOOL OF SUCCESSFUL WRITING LTD.
124, NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1

"Which?"

The September issue, now out, includes factual reports on
washing machines
roof insulation
hair colour restorers
based on independent tests.

"Which?" is published monthly by the Consumers' Association, on annual subscription only £1 to Box M, 333 High Holborn, London, W.C.1.

SITUATION

BRITISH ABSTRACT ART 1960

The First Exhibition in Britain designed exclusively to meet the current trend in big pictures. Over 50 works on view.

FULLY ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE

R.B.A. GALLERIES Suffolk Street, S.W.1

2nd to 24th September
10 a.m.—5 p.m.
Open all day Saturdays

Admission 1/6d.

PICASSO

ARTS COUNCIL EXHIBITION

TATE GALLERY

Till SEPTEMBER 18

Weekdays 10-8; Sun., 2-8

Admission 3/6

(Note late openings daily)

JAMES McNEILL WHISTLER

ARTS COUNCIL GALLERY

4 St. James's Square, S.W.1

Till SEPTEMBER 24

Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6

Tues., Thurs. 10-8

Admission 1/6

FOR HOLIDAYS ABROAD MARLBOROUGH'S SELF-TAUGHT PHRASE BOOKS MAKE LANGUAGES EASY

They provide a wide range of Vocabularies and Phrases arranged under subjects and by means of the ENGLISH PHONETIC PRONUNCIATION provided you are enabled to SPEAK the words you require and MAKE YOURSELF READILY UNDERSTOOD

IDEAL FOR TOURISTS & TRAVELLERS

Obtainable in 37 languages
from 5/- each

Write to the publishers for list E
post free on request

E. MARLBOROUGH & CO., LTD.
13-16 BRITTON ST., LONDON, E.C.1

THE CHAPPELL CHAPLETTE

Your
piano
taken
in part
exchange.
Easy
payments
if required.



£209

as used by the B.B.C.

Please write for details and nearest stockist
THE CHAPPELL PIANO COMPANY LTD.
50 NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1

Before leaving the subject of Shostakovich and Russian music, it is interesting, but not surprising, to learn from an article recently published in *Pravda* that Shostakovich disapproves of the serial and atonal 'modernists', including Webern, Stockhausen, Boulez, and Schaeffer (the latter, surely, has confined himself to *musique concrète*), while singling out for special praise composers 'whose work is in the vanguard of modern Western art' a somewhat curiously assorted group consisting of Benjamin Britten, Béla Bartók, Arthur Honegger, and (of all people) Heitor Villa-Lobos. While there are obvious affinities between Britten and Shostakovich himself, whose modernism

is conditioned by the same brand of romantic eclecticism, it is difficult to see what constitutes the link between the four composers cited except in so far as, in the words of Shostakovich, they stand for 'the principles of real art' and do not write what he calls 'noisy' music. But even if this is true, the selection still seems to be an arbitrary one, and remarkable if only for the omission of Igor Stravinsky who, after all, would be considered by most people to be at least 'in the vanguard of modern Western art'. But not yet, perhaps, in the eyes of official Soviet musical opinion.

My other listening included a Promenade Concert (Light Programme, September 10) in

which the London Symphony Orchestra was conducted by Basil Cameron in a programme that included Ravel's *Valses Nobles et Sentimentales* and the Overture to *Figaro*, neither of which was played with anything like the style and finesse one has come to expect from this orchestra. Even if orchestras and conductors are, not surprisingly, beginning to feel stale at the end of the long series, there is no excuse for rattling through a Mozart overture in such perfunctory style. The really bright spot in this concert was Sir William Walton's *Façade* which the composer conducted himself, and which the audience, to judge from occasional delighted ripples of laughter, thoroughly enjoyed.

ROLLO H. MYERS



Shostakovich and the Symphony

By DAVID LLOYD-JONES

The Eighth Symphony will be broadcast at 8.40 p.m. on Friday, September 23 (Third)

Many who rate Shostakovich as an important, if not the greatest, living symphonist would at the same time regard certain features of his work with some degree of critical reservation; yet few would think of going so far as to question his claim to be regarded as a true symphonic composer. Impertinent as such a question might seem, it is not entirely without substance since a number of adventitious factors have combined to concentrate his musical attention on the symphonic medium. At the age of nineteen, according to convention, he produced as his Conservatoire graduation exercise a symphony (No. 1) of amazing precociousness and assurance which has found a permanent place in the concert repertoire. Having thus made his mark in the symphonic field, Shostakovich must have felt some inclination and even obligation to develop this talent; for, like the Tolstoyan novel in literature, the Tchaikovskian symphony had become the most favoured genre in Soviet music, more especially since the even greater ambition of the Russians in opera had produced such barren results.

In his middle twenties when he came under Western avant-garde influences which, thanks to the New Economic Policy had extended as far as the Soviet Union, Shostakovich had shown a strong predilection for theatre music, and between 1927 and 1935 he composed two operas, three ballets, and a quantity of incidental and film music. But the celebrated 1936 *Pravda* article, 'Confusion instead of Music', criticized not only the immediate object of its attack, his opera *The Lady Macbeth of the Mtsensk District*, but also his whole attitude towards dramatic music. The effect of this personal criticism—the first of its kind in the Soviet era—on the composer's notoriously nervous and sensitive nature can hardly be over-estimated, and as a result his only venture into theatre music since then has been his recent but none too successful operetta *Moscow Cherevushki*. Instead he has concentrated on the symphonic form (and more recently on the string quartet and concerto) in which previously he had shown a more limited interest and, arguably, proficiency. The First Symphony, for instance, had been notable not so much for the quality of its melodic or symphonic cast of thought as for its ability to present essentially undistinguished material in a neatly organized form and piquantly orchestrated dress. His next symphony was commissioned by the Soviet authorities to commemorate the forthcoming tenth anniversary of the October Revolution, and both this and the

Third (*May Day*) Symphony deployed their large orchestra and chorus to such dissonant and unproletarian effect that even the good intentions of their programmes could not save them from failure and subsequent complete neglect. The Fourth Symphony was withdrawn by the composer the night before its *première* in 1936, clearly because he considered it to contain the 'formalistic' and pessimistic tendencies which the *Pravda* article had taught him to avoid, and it has never in fact been performed.

Symphonies Five to Eleven represent Shostakovich's mature symphonic output—mature in the sense that, in the words of a Soviet critic, only in the Fifth does he make his 'first appearance as an avowed artist-realist' and mark the beginning of a 'serious attempt to grapple ideas of a philosophical order'. Of these, one is tempted to suspect on account of their titles that the Seventh, the *Leningrad*, and the Eleventh, *The Year 1905*, are of the least intrinsic value. The Eleventh does indeed confirm our worst apprehensions; its four sprawling movements, amounting to little more than superior film music, do not suggest that they cost the composer much concentrated thought or effort. The *Leningrad*, however, in spite of a similar diffuseness, wears better than might originally have been expected and will always convey something of the conviction and emotion with which it was written. The two works that flank it are the most difficult to assess and the most rarely performed; yet the Sixth is one of his most satisfactory works though its unusual three-movement construction, beginning characteristically with a *largo* which is longer than the following *allegro* and *presto* combined, suggests a symphony which has lost its first movement.

The massive Eighth Symphony, in spite of its many powerful passages, can be considered as a reflective and introspective counterpart to the extrovert Seventh Symphony, for its underlying philosophical concept that 'Life is beautiful; all that is dark and ignominious will disappear, all that is beautiful will triumph' clearly derives from the deeper human feelings aroused by the war. The light-weight Ninth, which is more strictly a *sinfonietta*, is the comedian of the series, but its humour compares poorly with that of Prokofiev's works of this kind. There remain the Fifth and the Tenth which have been hailed as his two greatest achievements, partly perhaps because they are thought to approximate most nearly to traditional symphonic structure and thought. A comparison of

them helps to show the extent of Shostakovich's development between 1937 and 1953. The Fifth had been the most crucial work of his career—'A Soviet artist's practical reply to just criticism' as he had called it—and among other things it sounded for the first time the deeply elegiac note which is so characteristic of him at his best. By the time he came to write the Tenth, this quality had deepened into tragedy, and in the refinement of his language he had shed the Mahlerian bombast of the finale of the earlier work. It is true that instead he gives us a finale which is perhaps even less satisfactory taken in its context, but nevertheless musically it is altogether on a different plane, and the work as a whole remains the composer's deepest and most original utterance in this form.

Taken individually, then, all these works, with the exception of the Eleventh, can be regarded as important and significant additions to the ever-declining modern symphonic output. Considered as a whole, however, there is something essentially unsatisfactory about them since their virtues are seen to be not primarily symphonic. Shostakovich himself, in his almost perverse self-criticism of his fine Tenth Symphony, went to the root of the matter when he confessed to being unable to achieve 'a real symphonic *allegro*'. This disability can be attributed to his essentially Slavonic melancholy which accounts for the heavy preponderance of slow tempi in his works, and has led him to cast most of his symphonic and quartet first movements as extended rhapsodic *adagios*, *largos* and *moderatos*, in which the various episodes and climaxes tend to be constructed along programmatic rather than symphonic lines. A similar procedure in the slow movements puts a heavy onus on the intervening scherzi to achieve some sense of movement, relief and variety; but here the composer's favoured dry, grotesque vein, which is often effective and apt in his theatre and programme music, rings hollow in the more august symphonic context, and its forced and artificial jollity serves not so much to relieve as to intensify and heighten the prevailing mood. His similar inability to come to terms with the finale problem again betrays the failure characteristic of the theatre composer to achieve a symphonic unity of conception.

But in the last decade Shostakovich has shown notable signs of coming to grips with the problem of form and musical organization—in the Tenth Symphony, the more recent quartets, and most notably in his new Cello Concerto.

Work in the Flower Garden

By F. H. STREETER

NOW is the time to root almost everything—rock plants, for instance. After this damp, dull year they have made a great deal of growth, running away from the centre of the plant, smothering one another, and looking thoroughly untidy. You can root all kinds—rock roses, in many colours, ceratostigma willmottianum, lavenders, rosemary, hardy fuchsias, ericas of all kinds.

If you have no frame use a box about a foot deep. Half fill it with peat and sand, place the cuttings close together, water them in, put a sheet of glass over the top, and keep them closed and shaded. As soon as you see signs of life, take off the shading and put a little piece of wood under the glass just enough to give them a little air. You may find the leaves fall off, but do not mind that. The wood is all right, and there are plenty of young roots forming. They must not get dry or too wet—keep them just moist.

A bed of gentiana sino-ornata is one of the glories of the garden now. With a few highly coloured shrubs, like acers or azaleas just turning colour, for a background it is a picture you cannot forget. If you have none, do plant

some next spring. All that needs to be done is to take out the soil to a depth of a foot and fill up with leaf soil and to plant the little crowns on this. Another good grouping plant is plumbago larpentae. It does well, and looks charming on the rockery at present with its



Gentiana sino-ornata

blue flowers contrasting with its foliage tints.

Another race of plants that is coming rapidly to the fore is the nerine. The hardy variety Bowdenii has finished growth and nearly died down. It is a good idea to go over them and remove a little of the top soil, clean it well off and then top dress with a little peat and sand and a sprinkling of fertilizer, just to help the still-active roots to push up their flower spikes. Nerine Bowdenii—a lovely pink variety—should ideally be planted close to a wall. For the cold house there are some magnificent hybrids. There is a wide colour range to be had. Nerines increase every year, and one can soon work up a large stock. After making their growth they need a long summer's rest before throwing up their autumn spikes. They take up very little room: all they ask is an overhead shelf along the centre of the house.

Late-flowering chrysanthemums in pots need much attention—disbudding both shoots and buds and tying in each shoot separately—but this makes the work of cutting much easier later on. As the buds are taken they will need plenty of feeding. Dust a little D.D.T. powder round the stems to guard against earwigs.

—From a talk in the Home Service

Bridge Forum

Inter-County Bidding Competition—Round II

By HAROLD FRANKLIN and TERENCE REESE



IN THE THIRD of the second-round matches in the inter-county bidding competition Hampshire met Somerset and the counties were respectively represented by Mrs. H. R. Evans and Mr. G. K. Fenn-Smith and Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Thomas.

Somerset took a lead of 12 points to 7 in the first part of the competition when competitors were asked to answer five questions all concerned with defensive bidding and all relating to the following hand:

♠ 7 ♥ A J 10 9 ♦ A 5 3 ♣ A 10 8 6 5

In all the questions you are East, the fourth to speak, with East-West vulnerable, and South, the dealer, opens One Club.

SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
(1) 1C	No	1H	?
(2) 1C	No	1H	No
	1S	No	?
(3) 1C	No	No	?
(4) 1C	No	1D	?
(5) 1C	No	1S	?

The answers were adjudged as follows:

(1) No Bid. A straightforward question which saw all the competitors off to a good start. With opponents calling your best suits there is nothing for you to say.

(2) One No Trump. Double was awarded one consolation point. Partner holds four or five spades, but One Spade will still be difficult to

defend since declarer may cross-ruff his way to seven tricks, and you have too good a hand to sell out so cheaply.

(3) No Bid. This time opponents are in a contract which suits you well. Partner is almost certainly short in clubs and since he could not come in at the one level he is probably weak. By re-opening you run the risk of improving the opponents' contract when there is unlikely to be a good score for your side.

(4) One Heart. If you are to contest, this may be your one chance of entering the auction—and it is probably quite a good thing to attract a heart lead. One consolation point for No Bid.

(5) Double. Once again, this may be the one opportunity to enter the auction safely, and you have a good hand, suitable for play in either red suit.

It seemed a strange choice on the part of the players that they should all permit the opponents to play in One Spade on (2) and that they should none of them be prepared to allow them to play in One Club on (3).

Hampshire had a good deal of ground to make up when they came to bid the following hand: East dealer. East-West game.

WEST	EAST
♠ A J 9 7	♠ Q 4 2
♥ J	♥ A Q 8 7 5
♦ 9 8 6 4 2	♦ A K 10
♣ 6 5 3	♣ A J

They kept their flag flying by smoothly and efficiently reaching the optimum contract.

WEST	EAST
Mrs. Evans	Mr. Fenn-Smith
—	1H
1S	3D
4D	4S
No	

This scored 10. Five Diamonds was marked at 6, safe part scores at 5, Four Diamonds and 2 NT, both less than safe, at 4 and 3 NT at 2. Somerset, therefore, needing five to tie and six to win, might have achieved either of these totals, but instead badly over-reached themselves as follows:

WEST	EAST
Mr. Thomas	Mrs. Thomas
—	1H
1S	3D
4D	5S
6S	No

In view of the expert knowledge shown previously by this pair it seems fair to attribute East's bid of Five Spades to 'microphone nerves'. Having already bid strongly, and with only three spades, there seems no case to consider any bid other than Four Spades. West's Six Spades was also doubtful.

Somerset therefore failed to increase their score, and Hampshire, with 17 points against 12, went forward to the semi-final.



About the House

Home-made Chutneys

The basic ingredients of all chutneys are: vinegar (the best malt); salt (cooking quality); spices; onions, shallots or garlic; moist brown sugar, and some form of dried fruit—sultanas, raisins, or dates. I generally add a little jam or marmalade.

Cook the tough fruit and vegetables first in a little liquid with the pan-lid on. When they have softened, add the spices in a muslin bag, the sugar, and all the other ingredients with part of the vinegar. Do not replace the lid of the pan. Put in the rest of the vinegar towards the end. When it is ready the chutney should be a thick, smooth consistency and the colour of mahogany.

With keeping, chutney, like pickles, is inclined to shrink, so fill the jars to the top, and if you are using metal tops see that the vinegar is prevented, by a round of waxed paper or cardboard, from coming into contact with the metal.

When using tomatoes, green ones are better chopped finely or minced, skins and all; but red tomatoes, unless they are the little plum tomatoes, are better skinned first and then chopped or put through a sieve. Sieves should be made of nylon or hair, never metal, just as the cooking pan must not be copper, brass, or iron. These metals will give a metallic taste to the chutney. You should use an enamel or aluminium pan.

While blackberries are plentiful I am going to make blackberry and apple chutney. To make 6 lb. of chutney you will need:

- 6 lb. of blackberries
- 2 lb. of cooking apples
- 2 lb. each of onions and brown sugar
- 2 oz. of ground ginger
- 2 oz. of mustard
- 6 oz. of salt
- a teaspoon of cayenne
- a quart of vinegar.

Chop up the apples and onions, and put everything except the sugar into a pan. Cook for about an hour until it is soft enough to rub through a sieve to remove the blackberry pips. Put the mixture back in the pan, add the sugar, and cook until it is the right consistency, sufficiently thick for the wooden stirring spoon to leave a path behind it.

Remember that whole fruits, like plums or apples, need pricking before heating or they will shrivel, and also that the longer chutney is kept the more mellow it becomes.

BARBARA BREW

—'Woman's Hour' (Light Programme)

Salting Beans

If you are salting runner beans they will need slicing—French beans can be put in whole. The main thing is to see that the beans are very fresh, young, and tender, and to use enough salt—not less than 1 lb. of kitchen salt (never the free-running kind) to 3 lb. of beans. As the

beans shrink and the brine forms, top up—perhaps twice will be necessary—with more beans and salt, and press down firmly. When the jar is full, cover it and keep it in a cool place.

JUNE JAY

'Shopping List' (Home Service)

Notes on Contributors

GEOFFREY MARSHALL (page 403) Lecturer in Politics, Oxford University

HUGH LUNGH (page 405): assistant, Central Research Unit, European Services, B.B.C.

A. H. COTTRELL, F.R.S. (page 411): Goldsmiths' Professor of Metallurgy, Cambridge University

GWYN JONES (page 417): Professor of English Language and Literature, University College of Wales, Aberystwyth; author of *Welsh Legends and Folk-Tales*, etc.

RONALD POPPERWELL (page 419): Lecturer in Norwegian, Cambridge University; author (with E. Bredsdorff and B. Mortensen) of *An Introduction to Scandinavian Literature*

MICHAEL WALL (page 428): on the London editorial staff of *The Guardian*

ELLIS WATERHOUSE, C.B.E. (page 432): Barber Professor of Fine Arts and Director of the Barber Institute, Birmingham University; author of *Roman Baroque Painting*, etc.

J. N. L. MYRES (page 434): Bodley's Librarian, Oxford University, and Student of Christ Church; author (with R. G. Collingwood) of *Roman Britain and the English Settlements*, etc.

Crossword No. 1,581.

Alphabetical Cocktail—III.

By Sam

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: first post on Thursday, September 22. Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes containing them should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, marked 'Crossword' in the left-hand top corner. In all matters connected with the crosswords the Editor's decision is final

There are twenty-six across lights all beginning with a different letter. These lights are obtained from the clues by first forming an anagram and then changing the initial letter. Example: GESTAPO—POSTAGE—HOSTAGE. The initial letters of the anagrams are also all different. The anagram formed from 16 is a prefix. Down lights are

normal. The unchecked letters can be arranged to read: SLIPPING A MERE TEE IN IT TODAY IS INJURIOUS.

U. = up.

CLUES—ACROSS

1. Miss Bartok accompanied by bridge partners is well known behind the wicket (5)
6. The Scots suspect a 'crowlin' ferlie after the beginning of January (7)
11. Alec —: the clue takes two directions (6)
13. A piece of chainmail gets us tangled up (6)
16. Steers, if British, are very wooden (4)
17. How a siren may have originated (6)
18. A pillar cast about and spread out in all directions (6)
21. Form a snow-drift in Scotland whereat confusion arises (7)
22. She is blotto with gin and cries like an animal (6)
23. Polished and arranged in an orderly way (5)
26. On the river they provide shelter from the sun (7)
29. To be idle, once breakfast has started will cause a flare-up (4)
32. Two novices forsake subtlety in argument for a bit of peace (5)
33. One needs business acumen for this, and grit helps too (7)
35. The Head of Greyfriars when in control shows great influence (5)
37. Novelist with a renal disorder (5)
38. A *rechauffé* repast for ribbon workers (6)
41. Famous French work performed in the ruins of Caen (7)
43. A director but no stage-player; how dreadful (4)
45. Makes conversant with poetry (6)
48. In a liner one finds these petticoats are skirtless (7)
51. In many eastern countries it helps to make a drink (5)
53. Bardolph had one of these molluscs (3-5)
54. The doctor has a short answer for these painful indications (5)
55. A good man of yore, maybe, on the same floor (6)
56. Such a proposition makes M.P.s rise in disorder (7)

DOWN

1. Did he play a solemn part in English politics? (10)
2. In Scotland one arrives so closely (5)
- 3-4U. Runs away to jump in the point-to-point (6)

5. Comported like an American newspaperman (4)
6. A man has it in zirconium metal fitted with strings (6)
7. English search party, getting the wind up, is in New Mexico requiring all Sir Gordon's prowess (13)
8. Vera Caspary's heroine, no novice, has distinctive character (4)
9. Listen for Spenser here—'transported with celestial desire' (4)
- 10U. Straighten or smooth a lady's gown (5)
12. It's quite a stinger to find a nest of pheasants about outside (5)
- 14U. Such tones make men wise, according to Bacon (3)
- 15U. Granted for a fast time (4)
19. A roll, please (4)
20. The blighted tree is finally inscribed, perhaps by competitors (7)
23. With such ingenuity he makes an elastic tool handle (3)
24. Mantled like Gray's tower, so I contended (5)
25. With which Scots 50 (3)
27. Heart of French kings? Yes! (3)
- 28U. Mounted attendant is cast for a maximum (4)
30. Might be eager to do well and get a prize (5)
31. Affords one the temporary use of a number of rooms in a Scottish cottage (5)
34. Any backing on this pulpit is finely-coloured knotty wood (4)
36. A lie that effectively silences one (3)
39. When it's so wet, be at home in old style dress (5)
40. A dictator has it to turn to (5)
42. Do you know about this South African col? (3)
44. Wild growth found in 1D (3)
46. Hold up or hinder (4)
47. Vessel which might be cast against a rough sea (4)
48. Following nine causes a dilemma (3)
49. Plough part of 20 (3)
50. Look for a seat in the Japanese Embassy (3)
- 52U. A dean is satirical with this soak (3)

Solution of No. 1,579

G	A	Y	A	L	P	H	A	N	T	O	M
N	S	A	U	O	S	H	O	U	S	E	
A	S	K	A	R	I	T	E	L	M	E	N
T	U	U	M	C	L	E	A	U	T	E	
H	A	T	C	H	O	A	D	D	L	E	S
I	G	U	M	A	M	M	O	N	I	A	C
C	I	R	C	L	E	R	I	D	E	R	
A	N	O	D	A	L	O	M	E	R	G	E
A	G	M	O	A	L	P	H	E	U	L	E
T	R	A	D	E	N	L	A	M	P	A	S
E	N	G	I	N	E	E	R	S	I	N	E
S	T	E	N	T	O	R	L	E	A	D	S

NOTE

The eight alternative letters, as shown in the solution, form the word LAUGHTER.

1st prize: Miss S. M. K. Kealey (Newcastle); 2nd prize: W. L. Long (London, S.E.9); 3rd prize: G. R. D. Hogg (London, S.W.14).

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

LEISURE is well spent in reading for a DEGREE

● One of today's problems is how to make the best use of leisure hours. If you are studiously inclined your spare time might well be occupied in reading for a Degree; not merely for the material advantages, but also for the widening of outlook, and development of mental abilities. Moreover, under experienced and sympathetic guidance studying *at home* becomes a pleasurable occupation.

● London University Degrees are open to all. You need not attend the University. All that is necessary is to pass three examinations (in some cases two). You may study for these in your own time and wherever you are.

● Wolsley Hall Postal Courses for these examinations are conducted by a staff of over 100 Graduate Tutors. The Courses comprise Lessons, Test Papers, Model Answers, Assessment of your written work and solution of all difficulties by your tutors. A guarantee is given that, in the event of failure, tuition will be continued free. Moderate fees: instalments. More than 16,000 Successes at London University examinations alone from 1947.

● Prospectus free on request (mentioning exam.) from E. W. Shaw Fletcher, C.B.E., LL.B., Director of Studies, Dept. FE24,

WOLSEY HALL, OXFORD

IT SOUNDS LUDICROUS

... the idea of learning oil painting BY POST. True: but with the Hayward Veal Course you really CAN. Write for details from—

**PITMAN
COLLEGE OF ART**

72 Pitman House,
Godalming, Surrey



UNIVERSITY CORRESPONDENCE COLLEGE

Founder: WILLIAM BRIGGS, LL.D., D.C.L., M.A., B.Sc.

Principal: CECIL BRIGGS, M.A., M.C.

Vice-Principal: ARNOLD SAXELBYE, M.A.CAMB., B.A.LOND.

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON DEGREES

B.A., B.Sc., B.Sc.(Econ.), LL.B., B.D., B.Mus.

- Degrees of London University are open without residence or attendance at lectures and thus can be obtained by spare time study. U.C.C. prepares students for Entrance requirements (General Certificate of Education), and Final examinations for Degrees. Help can be given for M.A., and there are Courses for the Post-Graduate Certificate in Education, and other Certificates.
- The College, founded 1887, is an Educational Trust not conducted primarily as a profit-making concern, and has a staff of highly qualified Tutors who are specialists in teaching by post. The moderate fees may be paid by instalments if desired. In the event of failure tuition is continued free of charge subject to clearly stated conditions. Textbook lending library.

More than 43,000 Successes at London University and G.C.E. examinations during the years 1920-1959.

★ Write for free PROSPECTUS to the Registrar,
56 Burlington House, CAMBRIDGE

SPECIALISED POSTAL TUITION for UNIVERSITY, CIVIL SERVICE & PROFESSIONAL EXAMINATIONS

A Metropolitan College modern Postal Course is the most efficient, the most economical and the most convenient means of preparing for General Certificate of Education and Prelim. exams.; for B.A., B.Sc., Econ., LL.B., etc.; external London University Degrees; for Civil Service, Local Government and Commercial exams.; for professional exams. in Law, Accountancy, Costing, Secretaryship and Personnel Management, for Inst. of Marketing, Inst. of Export, etc., exams. Many intensely practical (non-exam.) courses in business subjects.

MORE THAN 280,000 EXAM. SUCCESSSES
Guarantee of Coaching until Successful. Text-book Lending Library. Moderate fees payable by instalments.

Write today for prospectus, sent FREE on request, mentioning exam. or subject in which interested to the Secretary (D1/1).

METROPOLITAN COLLEGE
ST. ALBANS

or call 30, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.4

FRENCH CORRESPONDENCE COURSES

- 1—Cours de Langue et de Civilisation Françaises.
- 2—Basic French for Conversation.
- 3—Translation Courses.

Lesson by lesson coaching by experienced French teachers. Books and/or records supplied. Combined Class/Correspondence courses. Easy payments. Send for brochure.

MENTOR

11 Charing Cross Road, W.C.2.

GOOD ENGLISH

gives you Confidence

You are Judged by the Way
You Speak and Write

Improve your English quickly and enjoyably by post. Many students say that the Effective English Course is the best investment they have ever made.

Language-power gives you confidence—enables you to make the right impression by the way you speak and write. The moderate fee puts this unique Course within the reach of all.

Write today for free copy of
"WORD MASTERY"

Send to The Regent Institute (Dept. Z/391N), Palace Gate, London, W.8, for free copy of prospectus, "Word Mastery."

Don't delay. Write for this interesting booklet NOW. There is no obligation.

STORIES WANTED

Suitable stories are revised by us and submitted to editors on a 15% of sales basis. Unsuitable stories are returned with reasons for rejection. Address your MS. to Dept. 32.

WE TEACH ONLY FICTION-WRITING

Criticism and Courses for the discerning by specialists. For 21 years we have been receiving testimonials from full- and part-time authors, professors, doctors, high-ranking officers and officials—all types. Many of the authors you read are ex-students. Our unique system of taking 10% of your sales monies ensures our maximum efforts on your behalf. Fee returned if unearned.

The Professional Touch is FREE from Dept. 32

BRITISH INSTITUTE

of
FICTION-WRITING SCIENCE LIMITED
Chronicle House, Fleet St. London EC4

Behind this door
lies your success
as a writer . . .



To succeed as a writer you must be coached by professional journalists . . . teaching individually.

The London School of Journalism is no mushroom school in an office block sending out stereotyped courses. It is different—founded 40 years ago by Lord Northcliffe, it has an unmatched record of success. Should you wish to see us you can meet one of our principals or your own coach at our pleasant 18th century headquarters.

Should you write to us you will not be pressed to enrol or bombarded with follow up letters. If you prefer to be coached here you will work under one coach—and be helped to sell some of the work you do. Your work is returned promptly . . . no waiting two or three months. LSJ Courses cover: Staff Journalism, Articles, Stories, TV and Radio Plays, Poetry, Children's Fiction, Literature and History. Write for advice and a copy of "Writing for the Press".

LONDON SCHOOL OF JOURNALISM (L)
19 Hertford Street, W.1.
GRO 8250

FOR THE BEST IN ART TEACHING

come to
The London Atelier of Painting

A relaxed pleasant atmosphere for the absolute beginner. Intensive individual tuition for the student of Art or Design. Moderate fees: Small classes: Fine premises: All materials

Landscape Painting Holidays:
Paris University Holidays:
Tel.: PR11mose 9696. 28 Finchley Rd., St. John's Wood, London, N.W.8

GENERAL CERT. OF EDUCATION

THE KEY TO SUCCESS & SECURITY

Essential to success in any walk of life! Whatever your age, you can now prepare at home for the important new General Cert. of Education Exam., on "NO PASS—NO FEE" terms. You choose your own subjects—Educational, Commercial or Technical. Recently announced big extension of subjects gives everyone the chance to get this valuable certificate.

SEND FOR FREE 136-PAGE BOOK
Full details of how you can obtain the General Cert. are given in our 136-page Guide—FREE and without obligation. Personal advice on request.

Write today. School of Careers, Dept. 266,
29-31, Wright's Lane, London, W.8.

"NO PASS—NO FEE"

The School of Careers